The New-York Times.

VOL. XVI.....NO. 4684. NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1866. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Advices by Ocean Telegraph Friday, Sept. 28.

The Illness of Count Bismarck Exciting Grave Apprehensions.

Passage of the Loan Bill by the Prussian Chamber of Deputies.

An Italian Military Commission Sent to Venetia.

Disbanding of the Garibaldian Volunteers.

Spain and the South American Republics.

She Accepts the Mediation of France and England.

Appointment of a New Captain-General for Cuba.

Another Shipment of British Soldiers to Canada.

BY OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

GERMANY.

Serious Illness of Count Bismarck.

BERLIN, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Count BISMARCK'S illness is considered grave.

Passage of the Loan Bill by the Prussian Chamber of Deputies.

BERLIN, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

The Chamber of Deputies has passed the bill authorizing a loan. The Ministers have agreed to a reduction to 30,000,000 thalers, but urged upon the Chambers that the Government should be kept in a strong financial position.

The Prussian Diet Prorogued.

BERLIN, Thursday, Sept. 27.

The Prussian Diet has been prorogued.

ITALY.

Garibaldi's Volunteers to be Disbanded.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The volunteers of GARIBALDI at Lecco are to be disbanded.

The Empress Charlotte Visits the Pope.

ROME, Thursday, Sept. 27.

The Empress CHARLOTTE is here on a visit to the Pope.

A Military Commission Sent to Venetia.

FLORENCE, Thursday, Sept. 27.

A military commission has gone to Venetia to take possession for the Italian Government of the war material there.

The Treaty of Peace Between Italy and Austria.

LONDON, Friday, Sept. 28.

It is expected that the treaty of peace between Italy and Austria will be signed within a day or two.

ENGLAND.

Dinner to United States Naval Officers.

SOUTHAMPTON, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The Mayor of Southampton has invited the officers of the United States war ships to a dinner.

Dispatch of More Troops for Canada.

LONDON, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

More troops are to go to Canada. The steamer *Hernia* has been engaged to take out about one thousand.

The Bank of England's Discount Rate.

LONDON, Thursday, Sept. 27, 1866.

The Bank of England has reduced its rate of discount to 4½ per cent.

The Atlantic Cable--A Reduction in Rates Promised.

LONDON, Friday, Sept. 28.

A meeting of the stockholders of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable Company has been held. It was resolved to raise the capital of the Company, and it was promised that the tolls for messages should shortly be reduced.

UNITED STATES AND TURKEY.

American Ships-of-War at the Island of Candia.

LONDON, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The presence of three United States ships-of-war at the Island of Candia attracts much attention.

SPAIN.

The Mediation of England and France between Spain and the South American Republics.

PARIS, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

It is said that Spain accepts the good offices of England and France as mediators between herself and Chili and Peru.

Appointment of a New Captain-General for Cuba.

MADRID, Thursday, Sept. 27.

Gen. MARSEANO has been appointed Governor-General of Cuba.

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

London Money Market.

AMERICAN SECURITIES.

LONDON, Sept. 25.

American securities are selling to-day at the following quotations:

United States 5-20s	71¾
Erie Railroad shares	41¾
Illinois Central Railroad	78¾

LONDON, Sept. 26.

American securities are selling as follows:

United States 5-20s	71¾
Erie Railroad shares	41¾
Illinois Central Railroad	78

LONDON, Sept. 27.

Illinois Central shares	77¾
Erie shares	41¾
United States 5-20s	71¾

LONDON, Friday, Sept. 28.

United States Five-Twenties 71¾.
Illinois Central Shares 77¾.
Erie Shares 41¾.

CONSOLS.

LONDON, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Consols are quiet to-day at 89¾.

LONDON, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

Consols are quoted at 89¼ for money.

LONDON, Thursday, Sept. 27.

Consols, 89¾.

LONDON, Friday, Sept. 28.

Consols 89¾.

The Liverpool Markets.

COTTON.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

Cotton is active; sales to-day 16,000 bales. Middling Uplands are quoted at 12⅝d.

[NOTE.—The price of Cotton published yesterday morning under date of Sept. 24, viz: 12¾d. is evidently erroneous.]

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

Cotton has advanced ⅛d.; sales to-day 20,000 bales. Middling Uplands are quoted at 12⅝d.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, Sept. 27.

Cotton active and higher; sales to-day 20,000 bales. Middling Uplands, 12⅝d.

LIVERPOOL, Friday, Sept. 28.

The sales of the week foot up 120,000 bales, at about 12¼d. for Middling Uplands. The sales to-day amount to 25,000 bales, the market closing at ⅛d. advance. The stock is 40,000 bales below the estimate.

BREADSTUFFS.

LIVERPOOL, Friday, Sept. 28.

BREADSTUFFS are active. Mixed Western CORN 30s. TALLOW easier.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The Breadstuffs Market is excited. CORN is quoted at 29s. 9d. WHEAT is 3d. higher, and FLOUR has advanced 2s.

LIVERPOOL, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

Breadstuffs Market is firmer.

LIVERPOOL, Thursday, Sept. 27.

The Breadstuffs Market is firmer.

PROVISIONS.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The Provision Market is better. BEEF has advanced 2s. 6d.

MARINE NEWS.

Sailing of Steamships for America.

SOUTHAMPTON, Wednesday, Sept. 26.

The *Teutonia* sailed for New-York to-day, with two millions francs in gold.

The *Bremen* has also sailed with £142,000 in gold.

Arrived Out.

QUEENSTOWN, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The steamship *City of Boston*, from New-York, arrived at Southampton on Tuesday.

LIVERPOOL, Friday, Sept. 28.

The steamships *Virginian* and *Scotia* have arrived.

Marine Disasters.

LIVERPOOL, Tuesday, Sept. 25.

The ship *Colony*, from Liverpool, bound to New-York, was abandoned at sea.

The ship *Edward*, from Boston, bound to New-York, has put into Flushing badly damaged.

NEWFOUNDLAND.

The Recent Gale—Arrival of Mr. Field—A New Cable Between New-Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Saturday, Sept. 29.

Telegrams from Cape Breton and Newfoundland received here, state that the gale of the 23d and 24th instants, was of unusual severity, sweeping over the whole island of Newfoundland, and prostrating the telegraph wires for miles.

Mr. FIELD arrived here this afternoon from Shediac, having left the *Medway* and *Terrible* in the Straits of Northumberland, engaged in laying a new cable between New-Brunswick and Prince Edward's Island.

FROM WASHINGTON.

Special Dispatch to the New-York Times.

WASHINGTON, Saturday, Sept. 29.

CONFISCATION.

In the United States District Court, Judge UNDERWOOD presiding, sitting at Alexandria, the confiscation case of the United States *vs.* J. H. MCVEIGH was taken up, and Mr. MCVEIGH producing a pardon from the President, all further proceedings were dismissed, and he thus has returned to him all his real estate which has not actually been sold and which includes two large dwellings in Alexandria. Much of his property, however, had previously gone through the Court and its confiscation bureau.

TREASURY DISBURSEMENTS.

The disbursements of the Treasury, on account of the War, Navy and Interior Departments, for the quarter ending to-day, were as follows:

War Department	$6,627,618 71
Navy Department	4,262,430 70
Interior Department	3,471,195 58
Total	$14,261,244 99

The following were the disbursements for the week:

War Department	$2,891,348
Navy Department	963,445
Interior Department	1,261,506
Total	$5,116,298

FRACTIONAL CURRENCY.

Fractional Currency was redeemed to the amount of $206,200. Received from the Printing Bureau, $507,500; shipped to National Banks, $500,600.

NATIONAL BANK CURRENCY ISSUED.

The amount of National Bank Currency issued was $818,178, making the total now in circulation, $293,-092,903.

SECURITIES HELD BY THE GOVERNMENT.

The Government holds securities as follows:

Securities for circulating notes	$332,298,900
Securities for deposits of public moneys	39,211,950
Total	$371,510,850

PATENTS.

One hundred and ninety patents will be issued next week.

INTERNAL REVENUE.

The receipts from this source to-day were $4,210,-128 40.

STATEMENT OF THE PUBLIC DEBT.

The statement of the public debt will be issued on the 5th of October. It will show considerable reduction of the debt and that the coin balance has increased to the same extent it did during August, namely, about fifteen millions.

THE SHENANDOAH AT SAN LUIS.

Capt. J. K. GOLDSBOROUGH, commanding the *Shenandoah*, reports to the Navy Department, under date of Aug. 3, the arrival of that vessel at Port Luis on the 29th of July, twenty-two days from Simon's Bay, Cape of Good Hope. The officers and crew of the *Shenandoah* are reported unwell.

In the passage of the *Shenandoah* two cyclones were encountered, one of which was very heavy. In both of them the ship sustained her reputation for good sea qualities. Capt. GOLDSBOROUGH reports that the weather in the neighborhood of Good Hope has been unusually boisterous this season. Several hurricanes occurred in the months of June and July. In the former month three English merchant ships were lost, and four American vessels so severely damaged as to compel them to seek port for repairs. Two American vessels, under the English flag, are reported missing.

Capt. GOLDSBOROUGH fired the national salute of twenty-one guns on the day after his arrival at Port Luis, which was promptly returned from shore.

The *Shenandoah* would leave Port Luis for Tamatav, Island of Madagascar, on the 8th of August, and afterward proceed to Muscat; touching all the principal Seychelles Islands, which are frequently resorted to by the numerous American whaling vessels in those seas.

REGULATIONS CONCERNING COTTON.

The Treasury Department has issued different regulations concerning the weighing and marking of cotton. Since the publication of series "two, number five," it has determined to provide a metalic tag, to be used by the Assessor under his oversight at the time the cotton is first weighed, in place of the tax paid tag heretofore used. It has also been decided to appoint weighers of cotton at the places designated, where the quantity of cotton and the amount of labor may be so great that the Assistant Assessors located at such places cannot readily and promptly perform the work required. The fee for weighing and marking cotton, including the labor of inserting the metallic tag will be fifteen cents per bale, until other wise ordered.

SAN FRANCISCO.

Reports from Mexico—The Evacuation of Sonora—Extortions by the Imperialists—News from China—Celebration of the Fourth of July at Shanghai—Naval.

SAN FRANCISCO, Saturday, Sept. 29.

Guaymas letters give detailed accounts of the French evacuation of Sonora, and confirm the news of a desperate battle at Ures, Sept. 4. The number engaged on both sides is stated at seven thousand.

One of the letters says the French Admiral when about to evacuate Guaymas, determined to leave that place in the hands of the Indian Chief TANORI and tribe, but at the solicitation of the American Consul induced a change of orders. The Imperial Consul here pronounces this story false.

The Imperialists took away the American bark *Francis Palmer*, which had been seized on the charge of loading guano without a license. The case has been brought in Court.

The Imperialists are said to have acted disgracefully, having forced $10,000 worth of provisions from the people to distribute among TANORI'S savages; they also stole all the goods in the Custom-house belonging to merchants; took all the powder in the magazine and carried off on the *Francis Palmer* a large amount of freight owned by French subjects, on which prepayment was exacted at the rate of $40 per ton.

The United States steamer *Saranac* was about going in pursuit of the *Francis Palmer*.

MARTINEZ, who occupied Guaymas after the evacuation of the French, is not regarded with much favor.

The steamer *Sacramento* sailed to-day for Panama with $1,038,000 treasure, of which there were $128,-700 for New-York account.

The United States Sub-Treasurer shipped $500,000 in gold per the last steamer.

JAMES B. COX brought a suit against CHAS. E. MCLAUGHLIN to recover nearly three-quarters of a million dollars for alleged breach of contract made for 71¼ miles of the Western Pacific Railway and for money due.

Scarcity of tonnage restricts business; warehouses are filled with grain which is still pouring in.

The steamer *Julia*, when leaving the wharf for Stockton at 4 o'clock this afternoon, burst her steam drum, killing five of her crew and severely wounding the remainder. The Second Engineer and Purser are badly scalded.

Shanghai dates to July 13 say that the Fourth of July was celebrated by a grand dinner, in which Admiral BELL participated. All left with the idea that Shanghai is the most thoroughly American port in China. The United States ship *Hartford* sailed from Shanghai for Nagasacke, Japan, July 9. The steamer *Wachusett*, at last accounts, was at Neuckwang, where she landed 100 men and captured a lot of wandering rebels. The presence of the East India squadron in Chinese waters gives American residents a feeling of security not recently experienced.

Mining Stocks for the past week have been inactive, but close firm. Yellow Jacket, $701; Ophir, $203; Chollar Potosi, $116; Belcher, $95; Legal Tenders, $71.

CANADA.

The Importation of Firearms—The Federation Scheme—Breech-Loaders.

TORONTO, C. W., Saturday, Sept. 29.

The time for importing firearms and munitions of war has been extended to the 17th of October.

The Executive Council meet at Quebec next week.

The Canadian delegation to England to arrange the details of the confederation of the Provinces leave early in November. It will include five members of the Canadian Ministry.

In the course of October there will be 30,000 breech-loaders distributed among the military of Canada.

The weather is fine.

LOUISIANA.

Yellow Fever in New-Orleans—Mortality.

NEW-ORLEANS, Saturday, Sept 29.

There were seven deaths in this city from yellow fever for the forty-eight hours ending this morning.

Sailed, steamers *George Cromwell*, *Mangin* and *Mississippi*, for New-York; *Luna*, for Liverpool.

Arrived, steamship *Concordia*, from Boston, and ship *Oswego*, from New-York.

POLITICAL.

Congressional Nominations.

TROY, Saturday, Sept. 29.

The Union Republican Convention for the Fifteenth District. met in this city to-day, and unanimously nominated HON. JOHN A. GRISWOLD for reelection to Congress.

SYRACUSE, Saturday, Sept. 29.

At the Twenty-second Congressional Convention, held here to-day, ALBERTUS PERRY was nominated for Congress by acclamation.

THE PLAINS.

Reports of Indian Depredations not Confirmed—Exaggerated Accounts.

ST. LOUIS, Saturday, Sept. 29.

Latest advices from the Plains furnish no confirmation of the reported Indian depredations on Powder and Big Horn Rivers, telegraphed from Leavenworth to the New-York *Tribune*. The Indians are raiding and stealing a good deal of stock; but the report referred to is a gross exaggeration, as are all similar ones. All unofficial reports of Indian affairs on the Plains should be taken with many grains of allowance, they being mainly emanations from parties interested in keeping up the excitement and misleading the public.

FORTRESS MONROE.

The Storm.

FORTRESS MONROE, Saturday, Sept. 29.

A heavy northeast storm prevails; it is raining hard and is foggy, and numerous vessels are detained in consequence.

OREGON.

Election of United States Senator.

Private telegrams say H. W. CORBETT is elected United States Senator from Oregon.

Emancipation Celebration.

PITTSBURGH, Penn., Saturday, Sept. 29.

The colored population of this city yesterday celebrated the emancipation of Slavery in the United States. A procession, consisting of the colored military and other organizations, proceeded to Iron City Park, where addresses were made by FRED DOUGLASS and other prominent speakers, both white and black.

In the evening, large numbers of colored people assembled at the City Hall, where a characteristic address was delivered by FRED DOUGLASS, in which, after summing up the results of the war and alluding to President JOHNSON'S policy in severe terms, he went into a long argument on the subject of the enfranchisement of the negro. The address was listened to with deep interest, and frequently interrupted by applause.

Decease of a Journalist.

PHILADELPHIA, Saturday, Sept. 29.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, the oldest journalist, and, in his time, one of the most extensive publishers of the United States, died this morning.

Fire at Quebec.

QUEBEC, Saturday, Sept. 29.

A destructive fire occurred here last night. GIBB LANE'S bonded warehouse, with a valuable stock of groceries, and three dwelling houses were totally destroyed; loss $80,000.

Court of Appeals.

ALBANY, Saturday, Sept. 29.

The Day Calendar in the Court of Appeals for Monday, Oct. 1, is as follows: Nos. 30, 31, 376, 980, 167, 169, 169½, 170, 171, 172 and 7,

MISSIONARY WORK.

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

A Study of Physiognomy—Proceedings of the Third Day Concluded—The Last Meeting.

PITTSFIELD, MASS., Sept. 28, 1866.

Correspondence of the New-York Times.

The student of Physiognomy, who scans carefully the faces of the distinguished divines and fathers and merchants who occupy seats upon the platform of the American Board, will hardly fail to be struck here in New-England, with the diversity of characters represented.

Three types of countenances and of general appearance, all distinct from each other, and yet all blending in the enthusiasm of a common work, attract attention. The first, and of course in this place the most general, is the Puritan; the severe, angular, almost Methodist look of the features, seem to have lost little of the old sternness with which the "Puritan one" was formed, a century ago,

A-hanging of his cat on Monday
For killing a mouse on Sunday.

In strange contrast to this, and still with a solemnity of countenance that PETER STUYVESANT might have envied, is the long face, with deep-set eyes and lofty brow, of the old Dutch New-Yorker; abating not one jot nor one tittle of the rigidity of ultra-Calvinistic doctrine, nor losing one moment's dignity and importance. Facing both, we find the Metropolitan layman—keen, quick, impulsive; now weeping demonstratively at a child's sorrows, now waging on the moral inability of the Dutchman, or calming the foreordained pugnacity of the Puritan. Perhaps we might more carefully dissect the latter, and in the mild blue eyes and benign countenance recognize the sweet influences of Massachusetts air, while for sturdy abhorrence of interference or of dissent, we must seek the rock-born son of Connecticut.

But notwithstanding all these differences of race and development, there is a beautiful harmony in all that proceeds. It is an unhappy thought that these three are all that can be found of the many divisions of the Church of Christ, to unite to send His word over the whole footstool; a thought which makes the study of the few who do dwell together in unity a means of better judging the possibilities of an ultimate reunion of all the sheep into one fold. If the Hollander, the Puritan and the American can agree to disagree, and hide the memory of differences when common cause must be made against the enemy, why not, at a future day, the Arminian, the Liberal and the Prelatist? It is the great religious question of our day, abundantly worthy of all the attention which thoughtful men are giving to it.

THIRD DAY—CONCLUDED.

The evening session of Thursday was the largest and most enthusiastically attended of the entire meeting of the Board. Long before the hour of assembling the house was thronged with an eager crowd enviously seeking to reach the seats, which are, though closely placed without regard to either comfort or danger, all too few to accommodate the people. It is said that more than three thousand people have applied for and received the hospitalities, through the Committee of Arrangements, of the citizens of this and surrounding towns. By an actual count, however, it was ascertained that the congregation which gathered to hear President HOPKINS' address and the other proceedings of last evening, was 2,225; a very close packing for DR. TODD'S Church, which usually seats 1,500.

With the missionary hymn, and a prayer by DR. WILKES, the services of the evening were begun. The address which it is customary to expect from the President upon the occasion, was made by DR. HOPKINS. His subject was, "The Need of Christian Unity and Personal Consecration in the Cause of Missions." He animadverted somewhat severely upon the interference of Bishop STALEY with the American missionaries, and declared that denominationalism is a detriment to the cause of Christ which must be removed.

The report of the Committee on Interference in Missions was then taken up. DR. STEARNS' report, of which I spoke briefly yesterday, begins with the remark that the Protestant Church is divided into sects which cannot, as yet, be united, and which must work, so far as possible together, in the common service of a common Master. It then censures in very severe terms the spirit with which "certain ecclesiastical officials" have thrown elements of contention into Christ's feeble folds, and mentions with gratification the disfavor with which European Christians have observed the same. The report closes with two resolutions indorsing DR. WOOD'S paper, and, while protesting against interference in missions, cordially sympathizing with all evangelical labors.

Rev. Mr. LONG, of the Bulgarian Mission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was introduced, and gave some account of his entrance into that field, with a correction of popular errors in regard to missionaries. Travelers do not commonly hunt them up, and get their ideas too often from prejudiced people with whom they come in contact.

Rev. Mr. SHEERING, of the London Missionary Society, addressed the assembly upon the English opinion of Bishop STALEY'S interferences. He said that interference is an outrage, come it from this country or any other. Englishmen love justice from their birth, and their blood boils at the shameful proceedings of Bishop STALEY in the Sandwich Islands. Mr. SHEERING further gave some valuable information in regard to the consultations which the five English Missionary Societies hold in regard to the great work in which they are all engaged, adding some very affectionate comments upon the prosperity of the American Missionary Societies.

Rev. D. CANFIELD, of Syracuse, repeated several instances of English commendation of our work, especially of that in the Islands.

Other speakers dwelt still further on the subject, and the outraged feeling of American Christians manifested itself in the vociferous applause which greeted Dr. PATTEN, when he repeated DR. COX'S definition of Puseyism—"an attempt to squirt the quintessence of the Dark Ages into the nineteenth century."

The report, with its resolution, was unanimously adopted.

Addresses were now in order from missionaries of the Board. Rev. Dr. VAN DYKE, now engaged in printing an Arabic translation of the Scriptures in New-York, and as Hebrew Professor in the Union Theological Seminary, spoke of the Syrian Mission. The people there express great gratitude for the Bible in their own tongue, and the fruits of the missionary work are especially evident in the elevation and the education of the female sex.

The venerable father KING, of Greece, spoke of his own great trials in God's work in that land, and read a letter from a Greek convert, who, in dark times, had been advised by Count GASPARIN to leave the country for safety; but Dr. ANDERSON had stood by him, and his persecutions had been overruled for good.

Dr. BOOTH, of Mercer-street Church in your city, spoke of our duties, in the presence of these venerable fathers in the work. We should take heart and use all our powers to further the great cause for which Christ died.

The benediction was then pronounced by Rev. Dr. TODD, and the great congregation dispersed, some to their homes or stopping-places in the beautiful village about the church, and almost as many more to places five, ten and twenty miles away, to return in the morning to attend the last gathering of this most interesting and delightful week.

ADDRESSES AT THE SOUTH CHURCH.

The South Church was filled with a large audience in the evening, who had been attracted thither by the announcement that distinguished clergymen would deliver brief practical addresses, outside of the regular routine exercises.

EX-GOV. BUCKINGHAM, of Connecticut, presided, and opened the meeting with a very few remarks upon the state of the country as it now is, compared with that in 1864, and introduced EX-President FISHER, of Hamilton College.

Dr. FISHER referred to the sad feeling prevalent at the morning session of the Board, when the want of men was so impressed upon the entire audience, and said that we needed to feel that we are living in the nineteenth century, the grandest age the world has ever seen, and that we have a new ally in the black men of the South, who are to go forward themselves in aiding us to evangelize their ancient land.

Dr. CALHOUN, of the Syrian Mission, gave some very interesting reminiscences of the dark days of the war of the Druses and of other scenes of trial, and drew a graphic picture of his home on the Mountains of Lebanon, where he looks out upon the Mediterranean Sea.

Dr. STORRS, of Brooklyn, closed the meeting with a very effective historical address, referring first to the development of Christianity in Russia as illustrative of Divine working. Italy unified, Germany compacted under Protestant power, and the overthrow of the Papal supremacy, are a glorious future to which we may look forward now with blessed hope.

THE LAST MEETING.

This morning the crowd, which has at different times been scattered to two or three different churches, was compacted into DR. TODD'S, and the session of the Board culminated in one of the grandest scenes that I have ever witnessed. More than two thousand people, choking up aisles and galleries and stage, with eyes that were moistened with awakened and active love for the Lord Christ, are a sight well calculated in itself to further the cause which has called the meeting.

Rev. Dr. SHEPARD opened the session with prayer. A letter was read from the retired Secretary, Rev. Dr. ANDERSON, expressing his gratitude for the gifts and remembrances offered him on Wednesday, and another from Dr. ALLEN, former President of Darmouth College, and also a former Pastor of the First Church here, regretting his unavoidable absence from the present meeting.

Addresses were then made by Capt. HIRAM BINGHAM, JR., the new Captain of the *Morning Star*, Rev. Mr. HERRICK, of the Turkish Mission, Dr. CALHOUN, of Syria, and the Hon. WILLIAM E. DODGE, of New-York, who read a letter from a converted native at the Mahratta Mission.

President HOPKINS, in putting the customary resolutions of thanks to various parties—which forgot, however, the services of the Press—made an eloquent and feeling address. Pastor TODD replied in his usual happy manner, referring pleasantly to the meeting of the Board in this place seventeen years ago, and closing with an eloquent tribute to the memory of the dead and the aged living servants of Christ in the mission, commending all to "go and do likewise."

The hymn "Blest be the tie that binds"—one whose history, were it written, would record a world of love to God and love to man that, spread over so many places and years as it is, can hardly ever be known—was then sung by the whole assembly standing, and Dr. TODD closed the fifty-seventh meeting of the American Board with prayer and the apostolic benediction.

The pleasant visit which some dozen reporters have enjoyed arduously for four days past is not yet ended. The good people of the *Berkshire Eagle*, with the Citizens' Committee, not content with providing us with a separate room for repertorial purposes, are about taking us over to visit Shaker Village; resolved, perhaps, that the wanderers of the Press shall be gathered upon Mount Lebanon as well as the missionaries.

MONOS.

THE SUPPOSED TRAGEDY IN COMMUNIPAW COVE.

Coroner's Inquest on Young Conroy—Probable Desperate Life and Death Struggle—Statement by Monahan, the Prisoner—Distinct Cries of Murder Heard.

The inquest on the body of JAMES CONROY, a boatman, employed at SNELGROVE'S boat-house, foot of Essex-street, Jersey City, whose body was recovered on Friday afternoon under the crib-work of the Central Railroad, in Communipaw Cove, and who is supposed to have come to his death by foul play, at the hands of THOMAS MONAHAN, whom deceased undertook to ferry out to one of the pile-driving machines in the Cove, on Sunday night, was commenced at the Jersey City Almshouse before Coroner KIRSTEN, at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon.

From the evidence so far elicited, it would appear, that while on the way to the pile-driver the boat, (a skeleton boat,) by some means was upset; the occupants sought safety by clambering on top of the capsized boat, when it was found that it would not sustain them, as according to the evidence of the prisoner, he was submerged to the waist in the water, with the almost certainty of death. In this position, it would appear that there was a struggle of considerable duration, as a young man named STRINGHAM, a fisherman, employed as night watchman on a derrick at the Communipaw abbatoir, heard distinct cries of "murder" about midway to Ellis' Island. He immediately jumped into a small boat, and after rowing a distance of about six blocks, stopped and listened, when he heard two cries of "murder," once in a loud voice and the second time very faint; he rowed in the direction from whence it came until he thought he was near the spot, and again listened, but heard nothing more; standing up in his boat he saw a short distance away something that looked like a plank, and on going up he discovered that it was a boat, keel up, and which subsequently proved to be the one in which CONROY undertook to convey MONAHAN to the derrick. On the following morning MONAHAN appeared at the Almshouse, foot of Washington-street, dripping wet, without hat or boots, and after staying awhile left for Brooklyn without informing Mr. WHITLEY, the Overseer, that there was any other person in the boat with him when it capsized. The evidence of the surgeons shows that deceased received a severe blow on the head, causing extravasation of blood, which could only be the case before death.

At the inquest the prisoner MONAHAN was brought in handcuffed by Detective MCWILLIAMS, who, with Detective NUGENT, effected his arrest in Furman-street, Brooklyn, on Tuesday night last. MONAHAN is about twenty-two years of age, short, thick set, and very muscular. He has a very peculiar physiognomy; florid complexion, high cheek bones, white wooly hair, white eyebrows and eyelashes, straggling beard of several days' growth; his eyes are of a reddish gray cast, with constant nervous twitching, and altogether he somewhat resembles an Albino. The following evidence was taken:

Drs. THEODORE F. MORRIS and J. W. HUNT, submitted the following in writing, to which they made affidavit:

Found the body at the place of Hughes & Piaget, in Montgomery-street, packed in ice and in good state of preservation; there being no convenience for light the examination was deferred until half-past eight o'clock, A. M., Sept. 29, at which time we found the external appearance of the body to be as follows: Integument of the whole body somewhat discolored, commencing decomposition; the left side of the face and upper lip completely destroyed, the lower lip partially and a portion of the cheek; the left eye obliterated and the integument around the same apparently eaten away; also the left alae of the nose and the greater part of the ear; the right eye remained but the lids and the surrounding integument for a little distance, also the ear were like the other side destroyed; more marked discoloration of the skin over the right temporal bone than elsewhere; the integument of the anterior part of the neck, for a little space, was partially destroyed; made an incision through the scalp from ear to ear over the parietal bones; on dissecting back the scalp, the temporal muscles and their attachment were apparently contused and infiltrated with blood; the brain presented a congested appearance; also a small clot of blood lying upon the superior surface of the left hemisphere of the cerebrum, at its point of contact with the falx cerebri; no other morbid appearances in connection with the brain.

In connection with the above, *Dr. Hunt* testified: The muscles over the right temple presented a bruised appearance; the extravasation of blood must have been done before death; did not find any fracture of the skull; deceased might have received a blow which ruptured a small blood-vessel on the hemisphere of the brain; found no signs of violence about the throat, and there were no marks of violence on the body; deceased looked like a very strong man.

To a Juror—It is certain that something must have come in contact with his head before death, to have caused it to have presented the appearance that was found on his temple.

STATEMENT BY PRISONER.

The prisoner being called up, was informed by the Coroner that he was at liberty to answer such questions as he wished, and that he need not answer any that would criminate him; after being he sworn testified:

My name is Thomas Monahan; I have resided at No. 27 Furman-street, Brooklyn, since last Fall; I belong to Canada; have worked at dock-building since I came to the States; I came over to Communipaw on Saturday night to commence work on a pile-driver; worked all night and until about twelve o'clock on Sunday; we came ashore to Jersey City at noon to get some liquor, as we had only bread and ham on board; came to the boat-house, and I took, to the best of my knowledge, five drinks of strong liquor; felt the effects of it, but knew everything I was doing; was in company with three other men, Lawrence Kelly, Fitzgerald and a stranger; we stayed at the boat-house about two hours, and then went back to the pile-driver in a small boat belonging to it; the liquor took effect on me, and as I was staggering about the deck, they put me to sleep; slept for about three hours; when I woke up I saw the boss eating, and I asked him for something; he said he would not give me any; I took our own boat and came ashore, to the same dock as before; it was coming on dark; before I landed some men belonging to a pile-driver near ours came in a boat, and overtaking me, one of the men got into my boat, and after I had landed, he took the boat away; I went into the public place again and got a glass of liquor; after I got it I went out on the dock again and hired this same boat that was capsized; engaged deceased to take me over to the pile-driver; the price agreed upon was sixty cents, which I paid before I got into the boat; paid him a fifty-cent and ten-cent stamp; it was dusk when we started to go; he rowed in the direction of the pile-driver; the pile-driver was lying a long ways outside of the Central Railroad and about half a mile from the shore; we capsized something better than half way to the first pile dock; did not know anything until the water was coming in the side of the boat, and to the best of my knowledge the oar got crabbed; I was sitting nearly in the stern, and deceased was sitting about four feet from me; did not have any hard words with him; we did not disagree about the price; I offered him 60 cents to take me out, and he accepted it; when the boat capsized deceased got on top of it on the keel; I got on top of the boat, too; I remained on the boat about ten minutes; he had one oar and I got the other, and we both paddled toward the pile dock; after paddling about ten minutes I told him I was going to leave; he said "I'm all right, Whity;" when I was swimming I found my boots were too heavy, put my hands down to get them off, when I got under the water; I rose to the surface and kicked them off as they were not laced up; I swam away for the pile dock; did not look behind to see deceased; I was swimming away to save my own life; I went from one pile to the other to try to get up; I went to one to try to get up, and as I was raising my hand I struck a spike; by the assistance of that and another I got up on the string piece; a short time previous, when I could not get out, I commenced to roar out as loud as ever I could; I hallooed nearly the whole of the night, at times; I lay on the piece of timber until about five o'clock in the morning, and then saw a boat passing along and hallooed to them; they were two colored men; I asked them to take me off, and told them I was there from eight o'clock the evening before; I got down in the boat, and they said they would take me out to the pile-driver; I said, "No, put me on top of the dock;" I walked down to the gap and they brought me ashore in a small boat; previous to that I told the niggers what had happened me about the boat capsizing; I told them that I left deceased on the top of the bottom of the boat, and I thought he was drowned; I asked the young fellow in the boat that brought me ashore from the gap, where there was a hospital as I could hardly walk from the cramps in my legs; he sent me to the alms-house; while coming up I told two persons of the accident; the boss at the hospital asked me about myself, and I told him I had been swimming all night; they gave me some coffee and bread, and I sat awhile by the furnace; the man they call John was going to New-York, and the boss told him to take me along and pay my fare to Brooklyn; I refused to go, as I had no hat or boots; the boss then told me I could go where I liked; I found some boots outside, and the young fellow at the gate gave me an old hat and five cents; I then went to Brooklyn; this was on Monday, and I was arrested on Tuesday evening; on Tuesday last, after dinner, I told Patrick Gilmore that I was going over to Jersey City, to give information about leaving the young man on the boat, as I thought he must have been drowned; Gilmore advised me not to go, because a brother of deceased had been over looking for me that morning, and if they wanted me, they knew where to find me; did not hear deceased hallo after I left him on the boat; the water was tolerably smooth.

To a Juror—When we were both on the boat it was completely submerged; I was up to my waist in the water.

THE CRIES OF MURDER AND ATTEMPTED SUCCOR.

John W. Stringham, being sworn, testified: I reside in Lafayette, Hudson County, N. J.; am an oysterman, and at present am employed by Mr. Sanford as night watchman on his pile-driver; it lay on Sunday night at the slaughter-house, Communipaw; between ten and eleven o'clock on Sunday night I heard cries of distress; they seemed to come from about half-way between the slaughter-house and Ellis' Island; I heard the cry of murder distinctly eight times; I got into my boat, and started for where I heard the cries; I rowed about five blocks toward Jersey City, and kept off about four blocks from the outside cribs; then stopped a short time, when I heard the cry of murder again, once loud and once very low; that seemed to be about two and a half or three blocks from where I was; I rowed toward the place, and stopped again, but did not hear anything; stood up in my boat, and saw a little way off something that looked like a long plank; rowed to it, and found that it was a boat with the keel up; it was blowing pretty strong at this time; righted the boat up, and towed it to the pile driver; the next day, while I was away, the owner came for the boat, and stated that a man was drowned in her.

To a Juror—No two or three men could have righted the boat in the water; the wind was blowing northeast; she was a very light boat; hardly think two men could save themselves on her, but one man might; I found the boat outside the crib-work of the Central Railroad four or five blocks; the boat is a regular racebost.

At this stage of the proceedings the inquest was adjourned to Monday.

LOCAL POLITICS.

Riotous Proceedings at Republican Headquarters—Demonstrations by Eighth Ward Thieves—A Gentleman Loses his Watch—Members of the Committee Refused Admission to Their Room.

The corner of Broadway and Twenty-third-street was, last night, the scene of some disgraceful and riotous proceedings on the part of a number of politicians who claimed to be the rightful tenants of the room, which has, for several years, been the headquarters of the Republican General Committee. Owing to an announcement which was made at the meeting of the Republican General Committee on Friday evening, to the effect that a meeting of the former Committee was to be held last night, our reporter presented himself at the door, but was refused admittance. Senator THOMAS MURPHY said that it was a private meeting of a few friends who intended to organize a Conservative Party; that it was not a meeting of the General Committee; that the room did not belong to that Committee, as Mr. JOSEPH TAYLOR leased the room and paid for it. Mr. MURPHY returned to the room, and as our reporter was about to leave, a body of Police from the Twenty-ninth Precinct arrived and were admitted to the room, but soon after came out again and took position in the hall and on the stairs. As soon as the Police had taken position Mr. CHARLES SPENCER, who claimed to be a member of the General Committee on whose behalf the room was leased, arrived and sought admittance, but was peremtorily re used. He argued his claims with Mr. TAYLOR and others of the party occupying the room, who had come out to remonstrate with Mr. SPENCER upon the impropriety of his attempting to go into the room. Mr. TAYLOR said that it was not a meeting of any committee, but of invited gentlemen. Mr. SPENCER took the ground that the room was not leased for any but General Committee purposes, a point which Mr. TAYLOR and his friends did not appear to be able to combat. Meantime a large crowd had collected on the stairs and in the hall, and there was also a considerable gathering on the sidewalk in front of the building, consisting of members of the Republican General Committee.

After Mr. SPENCER came down stairs and announced that the room of the Republican General Committee had been taken possession of illegally by persons who openly declared that they did not belong to the Republican Party, he proposed three cheers for Gov. FENTON, which were given with a hearty good will. This brought a crowd of men out of the room, who were headed by THEODORE ALLEN, of the Eighth Ward, who was armed with a club. This body came down to the sidewalk and gave three cheers for HOFFMAN and as many groans for FENTON. This was followed by a demonstration on the part of THEODORE ALLEN and six of his companions, ALLEN drawing his club as the signal for the onset. Mr. CHARLES SPENCER, one of the secretaries of the Republican General Committee, was chased out into the middle of Broadway, where the thieves surrounded him and stole his watch and chain. After this ALLEN and his confederates returned to the stairway and the protection of the police. Justice KELLY and

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MADONNA MIA.

From Every Saturday.

Under green apple-boughs
That never a storm will rouse,
My lady hath her house
Between two bowers;
In either of the twain
Red roses full of rain;
She hath for bondwomen
All kind of flowers.

She hath no handmaid fair
To draw her curled gold hair
Through rings of gold that bear
Her whole hair's weight;
She hath no maids to stand
Gold-clothed on either hand;
In all the great green land
None is so great.

She hath no more to wear
But one white hood of vair
Drawn over eyes and hair,
Wrought with strange gold,
Made for some great queen's head,
Some fair great queen since dead;
And one strait gown of red
Against the cold.

Beneath her eyelids deep
Love lying seems asleep,
Love, swift to wake, to weep,
To laugh, to gaze;
Her breasts are like white birds,
And all her gracious words
As water-grass to herds
In the June-days.

To her all dews that fall
And rains are musical;
Her flowers are fed from all,
Her joy from these;
In the deep-feathered firs
Their gift of joy is hers,
In the least breath that stirs
Across the trees.

She grows with greenest leaves,
Ripens with reddest sheaves,
Forgets, remembers, grieves,
And is not sad;
The quiet lands and skies
Leave light upon her eyes;
None knows her, weak or wise,
Or tired or glad.

None knows, none understands,
What flowers are like her hands;
Though you should search all lands
Wherein time grows,
What snows are like her feet,
Though his eyes burn with heat
Through gazing on my sweet,
Yet no man knows.

Only this thing is said;
That white and gold and red,
God's three chief words, man's bread
And oil and wine,
Were given her for dowers,
And kingdom of all hours,
And grace of goodly flowers
And various vine.

This is my lady's praise.
God after many days
Wrought her in unknown ways,
In sunset lands;
This was my lady's birth;
God gave her might and mirth
And laid his whole sweet earth
Between her hands.

Under deep apple-boughs
My lady hath her house;
She wears upon her brows
The flower thereof;
All saying but what God saith
To her is as vain breath;
She is more strong than death,
Being strong as love.

ALGERNON SWINBURNE.

A BOTANIST'S ADVENTURE.

From All the Year Round.

When I was twenty, botany was my passion. Indeed, I am not sure that I am cured of it yet. never sit in a railway carriage and feel myself orne at fierce express speed through a green andscape without remembering regretfully those ays when I lingered on the wild mountain-side, br plunged, eager and ardent as a knight of romance, into the depths of the forest. His quest was beauty in distress to deliver, or mighty Paynim giant to lay low; mine was to discover some fair flower sleeping in the shade of ancient trees, or to snatch some cruel poisonous weed from its lair. The knight was a happy knight, I have no doubt; but I do not think he could be a happier man than John Graves, your humble servant.

France was the scene of my chief exploits in those days. My father had left England for economy's sake, and settled at some distance from Paris. The country around our home was not interesting, botanically speaking; and I was in the habit of taking long and solitary excursions. During one of these I met with an adventure.

I had spent the morning on the skirt of a forest. Towards noon I entered it, reste l awhile, then started again. Ere long I came to a spot where many avenues—seven, I believe—met, whence these radiated like the points of a star. In the middle of this open space rose a tall and slender pyramid, with a gilt ball on the top. This was the very heart of the forest. Not a soul was visible; not a stately deer or a frightened hare disturbed the silence of the spot. The solemn trees around me, leaving a circular roof of sky above, then they divided into their long seven lonely alleys. It was grand and very fine, but it was also very depressing. I sat down on the lowest of the three steps, above which rose the pyramid, a picture of the past flitting before me.

Here, if tradition spoke true, often came that gay hunter, Francis the First, and after him his son Henri, both with the same lady huntress. Perhaps she was only a sort of a Prime Minister after all, as some historians declare. Tastes vary so. Some kings like a pale Cardinal de Richelieu, and others (like these two) a Diana of Poitiers, fair-haired and blue-eyed, who, if she now and then sat to Primaticio as the goddess Flora, also caused that haughty medal to be struck, in which she appears trampling Love under her feet, with the imperious motto, "I have conquered the conqueror of all." But, oh! what din, what tumult, what hallooing of hounds and trampling of horses there was in those days, and how sadly quiet these good people were all now. Ages pass, and Diana is replaced by Fontanges, who ties up her hair with a wonderful ribbon that sends the world mad, or we see that pretty Mme. d'Etiolles in this very forest lying in wait for a King's heart, and lying later—rare honor!—in Versailles, under the name of Mme. Pompadour; but other variety we must not expect.

I got tired of these phantoms as I sat thus at the base of the pyramid. I got tired, too, of those endless avenues stretching forever away before me; so I rose and struck into one, walking fast, yet glancing right and left in search of botanical treasures. I found none, but saw a strange abundance of a pale variety of the Solanum tribe. I gathered a bunch, then a few berns, and, wearied with my profitless day, I quickened my pace, to get out of the forest before nightfall.

I must have been very near the outskirt when my adventure began. I saw nothing, but I heard, in a thicket on my right hand, a low, plaintive, and not unmelodious whistle. I stood still to listen, and it ceased. Presently it was repeated, and something gliding in the grass near me made it move and rustle. I looked, but the creature, if it were one, was already gone. The whistle sounded again, but at some distance from me; and further away, too, the motion I had already perceived was repeated. It was too dark already for me to distinguish more than that motion of the grass, and it told me nothing. Again the whistle was renewed, but so far away or so faintly that I could scarcely hear it. Then it ceased, or I heard it no more.

I was perplexed. I had seen nothing neither human being, nor beast, nor bird. The trees were scarce, the thickets were stunted, the grass was poor and thin, and a few moss-covered rocks which were scattered about were too low to conceal even a child. Yet some one had been near me, and something had passed within my reach, which was not, however, within my knowledge. I was armed with a stout stick. I beat the bushes, and only startled a little harmless bird from its nest. I went round the rocks to explore them, and found a few mosses, which I put in my tin box; and this was the sole result of my quest. It was useless to pursue it; the grayness of evening was stealing on me fast, and the country before me looked flat and desolate.

I am not sure that I ought to go on, and tell the reader what follows. I have called it an adventure, and many will thing that it scarcely deserves the name. But I believe that adventures are half the time productions of our own mood. I believe they spring from something within us, which, if I may so speak, calls them into existence, as the voice of the enchanter wakens spirits in the old tales of sorcery. Some people cannot have adventures—there is no sympathy between the spirit of adventure and them; and others cannot stir but, lo! some adventure starts up, like the little wicked diablotin in the French toy. I belong to neither class, and have neither more nor less than my share of this doubtful commodity; but the adventurous mood was on me this day, and would not let me rest.

I walked on, only thinking of reaching some village by nightfall, when I heard again the low whistle I had heard in the forest. This time it came from some distance, and it stole so faintly on the silent plain that but for the evening stillness, I could not have heard it at all. I saw no one, but a low hedge which straggled through the fields might conceal a man easily. I was walking in the opposite direction to this. I altered my course at once. I soon reached the hedge, but saw no token of the whistler: no great marvel after all. The path in which I now found myself was a narrow winding one, which delved down to a little valley. Here, as I soon perceived, clustered a few houses, where lights were already twinkling like mid glowworms.

The first of these houses I entered. The door was open, so I was spared the trouble of knocking. In my best French I bade its tenants a good evening, and asked for a drink, and the way to an inn, if such a thing was to be found in the vicinity. A man looked up from the fireplace, where he was stirring something in an iron pot. He returned my salutation, and civilly replied that I could have a drink of milk if I pleased, and that the nearest inn was a league off. I was tired to death, and asked if I might rest awhile.

"Certainly, sir," replied the man, rising to hand me a rush-bottomed stool. "Would you like some bread with your milk? You seem fatigued."

I thankfully accepted.

"Prudence," he said, raising his voice, "give some milk to monsieur."

The door of an inner room opened, and Prudence came forth, bearing a tin candlestick with a flaring tallow candle in it. The man was a common peasant, tanned, red-cheeked, coarse, and good-humored looking. I saw dozens such daily; but his wife was wholly unlike him, unlike any woman I had ever seen. She was middle-sized, but so slender that she looked tall. She wore a close black jacket and dark petticoat, that left her feet and ancles bare. They were small and well made, so were her hands. Her neck, too, was long and slender, without being thin; her head was remarkably small, but flat and not well shaped. Her face was narrow and very sallow, with thin mobile features, and the strangest little glittering brown eyes. She had black hair, and wore no cap, and though by no means ugly, she was, to me at least, a very repelling-looking person.

"Milk," she answered; "certainly."

She put down her light, fetched a tin can from a shelf, and filling a coarse crockery cup with rich-looking milk, she handed it to me. Her motions were graceful, and her smile and look meant to be courteous; but I had something to do not to betray my instinctive horror of this woman. I thanked her as graciously as I could, and praised her cow. She smiled (her smile only made matters worse,) and said:

"I have no cow—we are too poor for that."

"I walk a league every day for that milk," put in the husband, who was still stirring the contents of the iron pot on the fire. Give the loaf to Monsieur, Prudence."

She obeyed, and I remarked:

"You are fond of milk?"

"We never drink any," she replied, smiling again; "we are too poor."

I did not think it civil to ask what Madame Prudence did with the contents of the tin can—a large one—since she could not afford to drink milk; so I ate and drank in silence.

I hoped to leave the cottage as soon as I had done, and the man to him which the man had mentioned; but it was not to be. A sudden flash of light filled the room, then a loud thunder-peal followed, and after it came a fierce rush of rain. The man crossed himself, and Prudence coolly went and shut the door behind me. It was a terrible storm, a fierce and long one. The thunder rolled and rolled, and the rain poured and poured, and Prudence and her husband sat down to their plateful of soup each, and went through it with perfect equanimity, whilst I walked up and down th room in silent vexation. I do not know, indeed, why I was so vexed at this trifling delay: I half fancy it was because of the little restless eyes of Prudence. I tried to avoid them, but could not. Wherever I went, they seemed to follow me; and as she sat with her back to the wall, it was impossible to shun them by getting behind her.

The storm did not cease, or even grow less, and Prudence said, very civilly:

"Perhaps Monsieur would like to spend the night here? I can go and sleep with a neighbor, and make up a bed for my husband in this room. Our bed is a good one."

"Thank you," I replied, hurriedly; "I must go on."

"Monsieur can scarcely go on to-night," replied Prudence, with her smile; "there is no inn within a league; the way to it is across the country, and the men about here are too great poltroons to show monsieur the way in such a storm as this."

This latter remark was uttered with a quick, scornful glance at her husband, who sullenly muttered something about not being afraid, but did not volunteer to be my guide.

I had no alternative. It was getting late. I had no right to intrude any longer on these people unless I accepted their offer, and, in spite of the eyes of Prudence, I did accept it. She rose and went into the inner room to prepare it for me. It was a relief to think that I should soon be out of her sight. In the meanwhile, I tried to get some desultory information from her husband, but his plateful of soup had made him sleepy, and, as nature had also made him stupid, I soon gave him up. Before long Prudence came in, and, with her smile, informed Monsieur that everything was ready. Monsieur took the candlestick from her hand, and, muttering ungracious thanks, entered his apartment.

My first care was to fasten the door, but, as there was no lock to it, I had to barricade it. Two chairs and a table did the thing. I protest that I apprehended no personal danger; I only feared that Prudence would come in and look at me. It was not likely she would do so; she was not to sleep in the cottage; besides, the temptation of seeing me in my slumbers, with a handkerchief tied round my head, might not be irresistible; but fear and reason have nothing in common, and fear, being strong, prevailed and had her way. My room, though small, was clean, and the bed justified Prudence's eulogium. It was a very good bed indeed. I was tired, and I was young. In five minutes I was fast asleep.

Heaven save my worst enemy from such slumbers, or rather from such dreams, as I had! The whole night long Prudence and I were striving for mastery, and every time we engaged in combat she prevailed against me. We never came to blows, but it was a fell and cruel struggle for all that. When I tried to strike her, she laughed, and my hand fell back powerless; then with her supple and nervous arms, strong as steel, she would embrace me, and tighten her hold, and look at me with a smile, until I shrieked with terror, and asked for mercy—which I never got. I do not know how the fight ended, but it began again and again, without a particle of variety. I believe this dreadful monotony wearied me as much as the struggle itself. I know that when I woke I was in a profuse perspiration. The greyness of early morning stole in through my little window. I saw the whitewashed walls adorned with a few prints, devotional or warlike, but nailed in the plaster, and frameless. This was the only bit of feminine embellishment—and it might as well have come from the husband as from Prudence—which betrayed the presence of a woman. There was no pincussion on the chest of drawers, and no flower-pot outside the window; everything was cold, bare and comfortless-looking. It was rather ungracious in me to be thus criticising Prudence's domestic arrangements, while I was lying in her bed; but I owed her a grudge for the night she had given me, and I went on commenting without scruple. Ere long I paused. I stared, and could not believe what I saw to be real; and yet, if seeing be believing, I was not deceived. At the foot of the bed, strung on a slender reed like herrings, I saw a row of black vipers. The reed itself was fastened to two nails in the wall.

I have a horror of serpents; the sight of them alone is hateful to me. I sprung out of bed, I bundled on a few clothes, I kicked the chairs away from the door, and entered the kitchen in a passion.

"What do you mean by poisoning me with those abominable reptiles?" I asked of the man, who was already up and busy. "How dare you make me sleep in a room with a set of vipers?"

I so startled him that, in his confusion, the poor fellow dropped my tin box, which he had been examining.

"They are dead, Sir," he said, apologetically. This exasperated me.

"Of course they are dead. A pretty thing if they were alive and crawling!"

"They would bite you if they were alive, Sir," he replied.

The fellow's incorrigible stupidity calmed me. It was useless to argue, and I wanted to know why those abominable creatures were there. I put the question to him.

"We always keep them there, lest any one should come and steal them," he replied; "they are worth ten sous apiece now."

I began to understand the facts of the case. These people killed vipers, and got the Government reward for doing so.

"You pursue a dangerous trade, my good fellow," I said; "be careful."

"It is Prudence who does it; she has the secret, only she will not tell it to me. I have begged and prayed for it again and again, but she will not give it to me. She says two cannot have it, for if two had it, it would kill her. Now, you know, that is hard upon me," he continued; "for suppose she dies, I am left destitute."

"And have you no idea how she does it?" I asked.

"I know she takes milk out with her, and I have heard her whistle; and once I came home unexpectedly, and I caught her making a sort of tisane, and—monsieur may believe me—she was boiling her pot on the fire yonder, and threw in handfuls of that very herb monsieur has got there."

He pointed to the contents of my tin box. I took the withered herbs.

"That," I said, "is the"——

I had no time to finish the sentence. A hand snatched the weeds from mine, and Prudence thrust her face between us.

"Monster! Devil!" she shrieked. "Do you want to kill me?—to kill me?"

She was in a frightful rage, but her pale face was not disturbed; it was the face I had seen all night—cruel, relentless, abhorrent—to me, at least—but not otherwise altered. It was her husband whom she addressed, and he slunk away like a detected hound. His wife's anger was as brief as it was violent; she gave him a look of contempt, then turned to me smiling.

"Has monsieur slept well, and will he have any breakfast?" she asked smoothly. "We shall soon have beautiful milk."

Now, it was prejudice, of course, but I could not make up my mind to drink milk in Prudence's house; it would have tasted "viperish" to me, though the cow that gave it had been the fair Io herself. I declined Prudence's courtesy with brief thanks, entered my room and finished dressing. Within five minutes I had paid my bill, and was on my road to the inn in the next village, with Prudence's husband as my guide. I did not need his services, but I could see the poor wretch wanted to get away from his wife, whose eye, when it fell upon him, took a particularly evil expression; moreover, I was not sorry to have a chat with him. I had no need to draw him out; he was fasting and lively now; beside, he wanted to explain why Prudence had got into such a passion, or rather why he had submitted to her fury so patiently. "You see, sir," he said, "she is a good girl, is Prudence—a little quick at times, but a good girl; and then she was a good match for me. The secret has been in her family for more than a hundred years; it has gone down from father to son, or to daughter, as the case might be, and all these girls have been sought after and have made good matches, whereas I had not a farthing."

"How came she to marry you?" I asked.

He looked at me and smiled.

"She could not help herself, sir; she was fond of me you see."

"Why will she not tell you the secret? You could both go hunting and catching vipers."

Prudence's husband looked ill-used.

"She will not," he said, sullenly. "She says that if it were known to more than one person at a time, the vipers would bite her and kill her. Now, that is an idea, as I tell her."

Every one has an idea in France, so I was not surprised at this remark of Prudence's husband, but I was surprised by what he told me. Did Prudence really believe that the revelation of her secret would destroy her power.

"Did not monsieur see and hear her? Did she not call me a monster, a devil, and ask if I wanted to kill her, and all because I had that bit of herb in my hand? But I have more of it," he added, nodding shrewdly, "and I will make the tisane when she is out. I will. You see, monsieur, it is a hard case. Prudence had the secret from her mother on her death-bed, and she had it from her father in the same way; but suppose Prudence dies suddenly; she cannot give it to me in that case, and there I am."

"Then she has promised to tell it to you on her death-bed?"

"To be sure she has. I would not have married her without. But, as I said, suppose she dies suddenly?"

"Perhaps there is no secret," I suggested, skeptically.

"Oh, yes, there is. Prudence never meddled with vipers before her mother died, though she always had a serpent or two about her."

"A serpent! And about her?"

"Yes, sir, she liked the creatures; she used to have them coiled round her body to keep her cool in hot weather, she said; and when she was a girl, and frolicsome, she would run after the other girls with a pet snake she had, and frighten them. She was very fond of it, but it vexed her one day, and she killed it."

"Did she ever make a pet of a viper?"

"No, she is afraid of vipers," he replied, confidentially, "but she sometimes kills six in a day, and they are worth ten sous apiece now. It is hard that she will not tell me the secret."

I comforted him with a franc, which I slipped into his hand as we at length reached the inn and parted company. "Now," I thought, as I sat down to a decent cup of coffee with no viper associations about it, "who says the middle ages are dead? Here is a mediæval state of things. This woman believes in her charm, whatever it may be, and goes forth to meet the viper with the faith of a hero wearing enchanted armor. Take that faith away and her natural fear comes on and masters her. And yet how suited she is to that occupation such as it is!—she is a feminine viper. She has the creature's serpentine grace and its deadly look. I have no doubt that it feels an affinity toward her and goes to its perdition with a kind of pleasure. She whistles, and it comes; she feeds it, and it drinks; when it is stupefied and torpid, I suppose she coolly kills it, puts it on a hank, brings it home, and thereby earns ten sous. Yet this creature could feel love, and could bestow her regard on that brutish lump, her husband, who is only contemplating the possibility of her sudden death and the pecuniary loss such a calamity could entail upon him."

A pretty servant-girl was waiting upon me. She had a frank, communicative face; and as soon as I had opened my lips to say at whose house I had passed the night, she was ready, good soul, with a torrent of words.

"Ah! good heavens, she would not have slept at Prudence's for the whole world. The woman dealt in witchcraft, else how could she talk to vipers and make them dance around her, then kill and sell them for twelve sous apiece?"

"Ten," I corrected; "and the vipers do not dance, mademoiselle."

"I beg monsieur's pardon. My own great-aunt saw them dancing around Prudence's grandfather, and of course, they do the same now."

I suggested that these were degenerate days, and that vipers might have lost their ancient gift; but I was not heeded.

"It was witchcraft. Prudence took a drink which made the vipers come when she breathed upon them. But see you, that same drink made her sallow, and Prudence was never in good health. It would not end well. Prudence had gone mad about her husband, and forced him to marry her, when she might have had a much better match in my informant's own uncle. But it would not end well. Mathieu" (I now learned his name) "would have no peace till he found out the secret. Once he discovered it, the vipers could set upon Prudence and bite and kill her."

The topic of Prudence having been fully exhausted by the time I had dispatched my first course, I ordered a second, and turned to the more congenial theme, botany. I did not utter that barbarous word, but I inquired if dusty gentlemen, who had evidently seen some hard work, wandered about the country gathering weeds, which they safely stowed away in tin boxes.

"Oh, yes!" was the eager reply, "I have seen them. Does monsieur know what they do with those weeds?"

I shook my head in solemn mystery.

"I suppose they sell them," said my pretty waitress, looking pensive; "they cannot fetch much."

"Less than vipers, I assure you; but what direction do these poor fellows usually take?"

The explanation which followed was a tedious one, and is not worth repeating. Suffice it that I left the inn an hour after this, and that I struck into a path which was to conduct me to the other end of the forest which I had explored on the preceding day.

The day was burning hot; the forest was oppressively close; but my tin box overflowed with some of the choicest plants I had ever found. It was a glorious day. I felt exultant and happy. I forgot fatigue, hunger and thirst; but I also forgot the directions the pretty girl at the inn had given me, and the consequence was that I got lost in the forest. Now, this was not pleasant. The day was well nigh spent, and even Prudence's bed would have been a more acceptable couch than the bare earth at the root of a tree. Better dead vipers on a hank, than live vipers at liberty. I had read that the viper is a slandered animal, which never attacks man; but just then my faith in such general maxims was loose. I remembered the seven avenues I had seen on the preceding day, and I wondered if I could not find one of them, and thence the central pyramid. Give me that, and certain landmarks I recollected, would take me back to the village in which Prudence dwelt. Now, according to all the rules of romance, I ought to have wandered up and down the forest all night, and never found the pyramid. But these rules were reversed in the present instance. The first path I took led me to one of the seven avenues, and far away from me, indeed, but quite distinct, I saw the pyramid and its gilt ball glittering in the light of the setting sun. I took heart and walked fast, and reached it. But before I started on my next expedition I sat down at the foot of the pyramid and rested a few moments. It was a divine evening. The long, low rays of the sinking sun poured from the West down one of the avenues; fire and gold are nothing to the splendor which swept along the green earth, up the old trunks of trees, and reached their topmost boughs in the rosiest hues. It was a magnificent spectacle; but I looked at my watch and rose.

I turned round the pyramid, then stood still. A woman was lying on the earth at my feet.

Asleep? I stooped; her eyes were fixed and open; her lips had parted in the gasp of her last agony; her face was livid. I knew it. This was the face of Prudence, the serpent-charmer, the viper-killer. She was dead. I took her swollen hand, with the marks of a fatal sting on it still; when I dropped it, it fell back loosely, with that inert weight which tells so much. She was dead—the woman whom I had seen all life and fury in the morning, and the red sunlight swept across her rigid face, and only seemed to render its sternness more apparent. How had it happened? Had she been surprised? Had she struggled with her enemy, as I had striven against her all night in my dreams? One thing I felt sure of; she had not been sting here. The fatal bite had been inflicted in some remote spot, whence she had crept to this; then the venom had seized her heart, till sight first, then life, had failed her. Remedies, if applied in time, might have saved her; but there had been no one at hand to give them. Exhaustion, the intense heat of the day, and something too, perhaps, in her own constitution, had quickened the action of the poison, and brought on this unusually sudden termination.

I stood and looked at her in a stupor. She lay on the very spot where I had sat twenty-four hours before, thinking of Diana of Poitiers, and numerous dead men and women. And she, one of those strange links which connect the present and the past, had gone to join them. Some ancestor of hers had been a viper-charmer in those days, and, may be, exhibited his skill in the royal presence, while another charmer looked haughtily on, conscious of equal power.

I left her there at the foot of the pyramid, on the cold earth, in the gathering darkness of evening, and I walked as fast as I could to the cottage I had left that morning. Save that no low whistle came stealing over the plain, everything looked as it had looked on the previous evening. When I pushed open the door of Prudence's cottage, I again found her husband busy at the hearth cooking in the iron pot.

"Many vipers, Prudence?" he asked, without looking up.

"It is not Prudence," I said.

He turned round with a start, and knew me at once. He rose in sudden excitement.

"Monsieur, monsieur," he said, "you must tell me where you found that herb. It *is* the herb. I made the tisane to-day, and I have tasted Prudence's once, and it is the same; for—look!"

He went to the inner room and came out with a dead viper two feet long.

"You killed that?" I said.

He nodded, then added, "I do not mean to tell Prudence just yet. She would be jealous; besides, I want to show her that two *can* have the secret."

How I broke the news I cannot remember, but the final words came out:

"Your wife is lying dead in the forest."

"I had no need to add, "a viper has stung her." He knew it. He sank down on his stool, stared wildly, and, throwing up his hands, said:

"Ah, heaven! Then it was true!"

This, and no more, was my adventure.

Two years later, indeed, I paid another visit to the forest and met Mathieu. His right arm was in a sling, and with his left hand he was gathering dried sticks and withered boughs. He complained bitterly of his poverty. "Then you have not taken to viper killing?" I said.

He shook his head gloomily.

"It cannot be done without the secret, and two cannot use it and live."

"But you need not tell it to any one."

He looked slyly at me, and his look said: "She did not tell me and yet I found it out." My impression is, that Mathieu feared *I* should take to viper-killing.

A word of warning. Some imprudent reader may, fancying that the Solanum I have alluded to was the herb used by Mathieu, be tempted to try it. To that reader I say, it was not the herb.

STEPHEN TEMPLE.

From Once a Week.

It was in October, 18——, that I first saw Stephen Temple. We had both just entered our names on the register of the Medical School at ——, and in the new pride of studentship we were now hearing our first lecture. The "introductory" of that winter session was delivered by Professor S——, and, as is usual on these occasions, many of the pupils attending for the first time were accompanied by their friends. Temple sat in a rank a little below me, and at his side was his father, the rector of ——, in Somersetshire. The greater part of his life had been passed under the care of the worthy clergyman, and this was almost his first appearance in the metropolis. My attention was attracted to them by an involuntary expression of approval which escaped the lips of the old man as Professor S—— descanted on the opportunities for usefulness which rendered the life of a medical practitioner so desirable, and with his wonted eloquence besought all who heard him to embrace and employ them diligently.

Stephen Temple was tall, and his countenance gave evidence of singular intelligence. He was not robust, and a settled pallor on his cheeks, contrasting with his long dark hair and deep dreamy eyes, gave him the appearance of a man out of health and wanting in energy. But when any subject powerfully interested him, or circumstances called for prompt exertion, fresh life seemed to glow in his frame, and he spoke and acted right manfully.

Strongly imbued with the so-called *principles* of a religious education, though living rather in the power of sentiment than purpose, Temple soon became the butt of his companions. Had he been less abstract and more practical in his mode of thought, their attacks might perhaps have frightened him out of his theories. As it was, however, he took refuge in the idea of his own excellence, suffered a mental martyrdom which sustained the sense of his great superiority, and, like most men of his class, contrived to preserve the character of consistency.

In his studies Stephen Temple showed more than ordinary ability. Difficulties which scared other minds, before his vanished pleasantly. The descriptive details of anatomy, wearisome and perplexing enough to people generally, never troubled him, and he seemed to exult in the feats of comprehension and memory demanded by mysteries which most men tried in vain to understand, and ended in trusting might never be required of them. He was a favorite with the Professors, who thought highly of his diligence, and not a few of us envied our fellow pupil the gifts and popularity of which we were incapable. But at the end of the session, when the school examination was held, Stephen Temple, to the surprise of all who knew him, failed signally. Answering only a few of the written questions, he slunk out of the room, and abandoned the competition in which few doubted his succeeding easily. Examiners and pupils were alike unable to account for his conduct; but as he had won the good opinion of all of us, on his reappearance after the recess, no allusion was made to the circumstance, and he avoided it. The second and third years of his pupilage were passed much as the first. He was regular in his habits, punctual in his attendance at lecture, and repeatedly astonished us by the display of knowledge as complete as it was extensive.

At length the time drew near when the men of our standing were expected to present themselves for examination as candidates for the diploma of the Royal College of Surgeons. Lincoln's Inn Fields came to have a more real interest for us than the rest of the great city, and many and fearful were the glances we cast at the college as we passed its, to us, sacred precincts.

The working-men soon began to form themselves into little knots for reading purposes, and men who had not worked repaired to the professional "grinders." Stephen Temple was the head of the little coterie to which I belonged, and we looked up to him and made him grind us incessantly. All went well until, about three weeks before the examination, we sent in our names, and were daily expecting the cards which would admit us to the much longed-for and yet dreaded entertainment. But at this point, without the slightest reason that we could discover, Temple suddenly failed us. He was nowhere to be found, or when present in body he was hopelessly absent in mind. He scarcely ever opened a book, and the elaborate diagrams and clever tables by which he was wont to enlighten us were cast aside or lay uselessly before him. And yet, strangely enough, he had no fear of the ordeal we so much dreaded. The eventful day came at last, and at 7 o'clock in the evening we presented our cards of admission to the clerk, paid our fees, and were ready for the consequences. Stephen Temple was the lightest-hearted among us, and but that he was somewhat excited with pleasure, seemed as cool and collected as when in the snuggery of one of our party he discoursed to us of the spinal cord and its mysteries, or maddened us with envy as he calmly rehearsed the muscles of the back without a mistake or anything approaching one. Temple, two other students and myself formed the first party, and we were solemnly preceded up the stairs from the great hall, by the sombre functionary upon whom it devolves to perform that important duty. On the landing outside the library doors we had the doubtful privilege of standing and trembling for a few moments. Some of the examiners were late, and ours was the pleasure of taking a good look at these worthies, as, rather heated with haste they paced up the staircase and in at the door against which we were posted so disconsolately. There are moments in a man's life when he notices everything, and the manner in which some of us scanned the countenances of these examiners was very creditable to our powers of observation; and the opinions we formed of their moods and tempers were more or less satisfactory. But our waiting came to an end, the grim clerk silently ushered us in under the clock, and up to the four tables, one to each, we took the proffered chairs and seated ourselves opposite the men who might that night make or ruin us. My own share of the business was quite enough for my attention, and I thought no more of Temple or any one else, and saw nothing but my examiner with his too-inquiring face. At length the secretary's bell told the fourth quarter of a long hour. I had sat at four tables and passed out under the clock again, very anxious, and yet hopefully. In what is technically called the "sweating room" we found the tea and toast, with which, at the expense of the college, those who chose might regale themselves. Temple was with us, but a strange change had come over him. He now scarcely spoke. We could learn nothing of his doings before the examiners. Whilst others were frightening themselves and those around them with discoveries of the mistakes they had made, or exulting in their anticipated triumph, Stephen Temple sat moodily gazing at vacancy. An hour dragged itself very tardily over us, and another party of four, fresh from the ordeal, came to join us. The whisper soon ran round the room that the court of examiners was deliberating upon the fate of the eight that had already appeared before it. Another half-hour was passed in still greater suspense. The door opened slowly, and the well-known voice called Mr. Temple. We all knew the significance of this dreaded summons. Stephen Temple was plucked. He rose silently; a momentary flush passed over his pallid face; he swept his hand hurriedly across his brow, and then with the old stolid look obeyed the summons. As soon as I could get a word with the clerk, I learnt that my poor friend was indeed rejected, and that he could not again present himself for six months.

The ceremonies of the evening over, those of us who were more fortunate left the College. A crowd of expectent friends awaited our exit at the gates, and many adjourned to spend the night in boisterous hilarity. With all the haste possible I went to Temple's lodgings, but too late to see him. An hour before my arrival he had left without saying when he should return or where he was going. I could learn nothing of his whereabouts for more than a month after this unfortunate evening. When I did hear, it was in answer to a letter of inquiry I addressed to his father. Temple had, it appeared, kept the fact of his going in for examination a secret from his parent. And a fortnight after that event it was that he presented himself at home with the news of his failure. How or where he had spent the interval he could not or would not explain. And fearing that his mind was overwrought, his friends hurried him away for a tour on the Continent, with the hope that change of scene and cessation of labor might effect some benefit. The old clergyman was greatly distressed at the untoward result of his son's pupilage, and could only understand it on the supposition that he had overworked himself. From this time I lost sight of Stephen Temple for nearly two years, and the succeeding events of this narrative happened after that interval.

Having obtained my surgeon's diploma, I went at once to a Scotch university to reside for the degree of doctor in medicine; but before completing my terms I was hastily summoned to take the duty of a very intimate friend, at that time resident surgeon in the hospital where I had been a pupil.

The day after my arrival, whilst performing my functions, I was surprised by seeing Temple among the students. He tried at first to avoid me, but I followed him, and, inviting him to my rooms, we were soon busy with the past. He had, some two months since, he told me, returned from Germany, where he had been residing at one of the universities for twelve months, but without as far as I could gather, occupying himself with any definite pursuit, and certainly without graduating. His father had been passed in the midst of the students, and a very little intercourse suffice d to show me that Stephen Temple was an altered man. The old dreamy life and its fitful energy had merged into a state of indolent existence, varied only by the seasons of passionate excitement, and swayed by a dogged fatalism and the strongest rationalistic ideas of which a mind like his was capable. The religious sentiment of his early days had passed away, and nothing remained to give motive to a character always irresolute and devoid of settled principle.

The duties of my office were new to me, and I had little time for social intercourse. I seldom saw Temple, except in the routine of the hospital practice, which he was attending for certificates to enable him again to present himself at the College.

It was part of my work to examine the more serious casualties which came into the hospital, and I had just returned to my room one evening, about three weeks after my arrival, when the porter called me to a case which had been brought in by some policemen. Dressing hastily, I went to the casualty ward, and there, stretched on the bed, and to all appearance lifeless, lay a girl about twenty years of age. She was evidently a foreigner, and in the greatest poverty. Her complexion was very fair, and her countenance more than commonly beautiful. The dress she wore was of the meanest description. Her bonnet had fallen off, and black silken hair hung dishevelled on her neck and shoulders. Her scanty clothing showed the outlines of a form of unusual comeliness. Her hands were small, and her feet, which were bare, fashioned delicately. All this I saw at a glance. The officer who had charge of the case stated that the young woman had been seen to stop suddenly in the street, and then fall to the ground, and when he reached the spot she was insensible. An infant which she had borne at her breast was found under her. Assistance being procured, without loss of time she was brought to the hospital. The child, a little thing some few weeks old only, was dead, but not in consequence of the fall. It had probably died in her arms, and the girl swooned when she discovered that it had done so. The usual restorative means were employed, and after a struggle, which more than once threatened to end fatally, the mother, for such she was, awoke, but to what a consciousness! Her first thought was for her child; and it was painful to see her still cold and stiffened fingers feeling for the little one that was forever lost to her. The thought that it was dead had nearly destroyed her, and with returning life again began its deadly work with an intolerable bitterness. The agony of her grief was fearful to witness. Reason soon forsook her, and with difficulty she was prevented from rushing frantically out of the ward to seek her lost child. Her heart-piercing screams rent the air, and rang through the corridors in the dead of the night with appalling intensity. The nurses, though long accustomed to scenes of suffering, were unnerved, and, fearing to leave my patient, I passed the greater part of the night at her bedside. There was no abatement of the delirium, and never will the memory of the hours I spent in the fruitless attempts to sooth her pass from me. The few incoherent sentences she uttered in the midst of her ravings were in German, a language with which I was but slightly acquainted. What little I could gather, however, concerned her child and a person whose name I could not distinguish. The morning brought no relief of her anguish. Sedatives of the most potent class were useless. And it was not until nearly the middle of the day, when her strength was beginning to fail in the fury of her excitement, that she became quieter. But there was no return of consciousness. I had her removed to a small ward, where she might be alone with her attendants. When the physician, to whose care the case fell, visited the hospital, I went with him to see her. The pupils who followed the doctor on his round were requested to remain outside the ward, so that we might avoid every danger of renewing the paroxysm. The door was left open. D. —— had his finger on the girl's pulse, as she lay apparently quite unconscious, when, above the low hum of conversation in the corridor, the voice of one of the students rose distinctly. In an instant, before we had time to prevent it, the girl sprang up in the bed uttering a wild piercing scream. We caught her in our arms, and gently laid her back again. The cry brought the pupils alarmed to the doorway, and some of them pressed into the room. We motioned them to retire, and they all did so but Stephen Temple, who, with pale affrighted face, stood gazing, as one panic-struck, at the poor girl, who now lay exhausted and speechless. I went to him, knowing his strange temperament, to urge him from the room. As I laid my hand on his shoulder, his lips moved as though he would speak, but no sound escaped him. For a moment he resisted, and made a feeble effort to reach the bed, but, as though remembering himself, desisted, and with an anxious inquiring glance at my countenance, and one long bewildered look at the girl, he turned and hurriedly left the ward, passing through the crowd of students without speaking to them, and, as I afterward learnt, immediately left the hospital. I returned to the bedside, where Dr. —— stood watching the patient, and in a few words explained the extraordinary behavior of Temple as the result of eccentricity. The poor girl had expended the last powers of her failing life in the effort she had put forth so suddenly, and in spite of our attempts to avert the consequences, from this moment she sank rapidly. I remained in almost constant attendance upon her until the evening, and then she died without one gleam of intelligence or a word to dispel the mystery that hung around her.

Inquiries made by the Police threw little light on the case. It contained no criminal element, and therefore, perhaps, to the detective mind proved uninteresting. Hundreds of people fall down in the streets, many die suddenly, and a large proportion of deaths are preceded by extreme want and misery.

So the Coroner's Jury the next day returned a suitable verdict, and the body of the poor young creature lay unclaimed in the dead-house.

What appeared to be a small coin or charm, it was doubtful which, was the only article of any value found on the deceased, and this passing into my custody I placed carelessly in a drawer of my table. The same evening, as I sat in my room thinking over the events of the last few hours, it occurred to me that I should again look at the trinket. I did so, and soon found it to be a locket disguised in the form of a coin. As I was endeavoring to find the means of opening it I must have unconsciously touched the spring, for it lay open in my hand, and disclosed a miniature portrait of—Stephen Temple. Then, and not until then, I remembered that it was his voice that was heard so distinctly from the corridor, when the girl sprang up in her bed with the wild excitement that destroyed her. A vague suspicion of the truth now dawned upon me. But if I had made a discovery, it was too late to be useful. I was at a loss how to act in the matter, and yet unwilling to let it pass without some attempt to dispel the mystery.

The night passed wearily in forming plans to attain my object, and I rose early to busy myself with the duties of the day, until the man whom I now began to regard in a new light should come to the hospital.

It was my intention to obtain, if possible, from his own lips some particulars of his life on the Continent, before charging him with the crime which I had already in my own mind imputed to him. When the students arrived from the medical school where Temple should have attended at lecture, I found that he had not been seen by them since his abrupt departure from the hospital after the scene at the bedside of the dying girl.

My suspicions were confirmed. There was no time to be lost. Temple must be found, and that without delay. What might not a terror-stricken and perhaps remorseless man be tempted to do in such circumstances? Without imparting my fears to any one, I hastened from the hospital,

inventor or a long description of the invention; still, none of those who write about you, though perhaps living within a few miles, have as yet taken the trouble to make your personal acquaintance. In a word, Sir, it is with you, as with many other discoverers—in astonishment at the invention the inventor is forgotten."

"Oh! that is a matter of very little consequence," he said, "if only my invention is rightly appreciated."

"But surely you can have no misgivings upon that score?"

"On the contrary, more is made of it than it deserves. All the newspapers are profuse in their praise of our guns; but when I read down the list of killed and wounded I cannot help thinking that the weapon has not done its duty as it ought, or, indeed, anything like what might have been expected of it."

"Indeed! you surprise me," said I, "you are the first whom I have heard hint a word against the needle-gun since the campaign in Bohemia. Has it not then answered your expectations?"

"The list of our slain and wounded is far too numerous. The needle-gun cannot have been so effective as I means it should be, more especially when we take into consideration the experienced hands that wielded it. It is true, I have never yet been able to form an accurate conception of the appearance made by an army of 200,000 men in the field, spread over many miles of ground with our needle-gun in full operation. I must, therefore, consume myself to unbelief. I cannot but own to you, that a notwithstanding the satisfaction I feel at having my work, after many years hard struggle, rightly appreciated at last, these very numbers greatly moderate my exultation and make me sad. I have, too, an especial cause for being so," he continued with a sigh, as he pointed to a thin old lady at the moment entered the room, dressed in deep mourning. "This is my daughter's child; her father fell at Königgratz at the head of his regiment. Yes, Sir, we have fought battles in which the Austrians counted no more dead and wounded than we did, and though we may partly attribute this to the position occupied by the enemy, yet still such things ought not to be reported of the needle-gun."

The conversation then turned on the latest events of the day, and while communicating my own impressions on the subject, I asked him if he had ever seen a battle-field immediately after a battle had been fought.

"Once, and once only," he replied, "that of Jena, it is a long, long time ago, and it was while contemplating it the idea first forced itself upon me, that the Prussian firearms required improvement, if Prussia ever intended becoming a first-rate military Power. At this time I was a journeyman locksmith, and with my knapsack on my back was traveling through Germany on my way to France, the only country where in those troublous times anything could be learnt in my trade. I arrived in Jena Oct. 15, 1806, and saw the heaps of slain on the battle-field, and their pigtails strewed in all directions. I cannot tell you what a horrible impression it made upon me. I took up a gun and examined it closely, but I do not know whether the expression *um die Ecke schiessen* (to shoot round the corner) then existed or not, but it could only have referred to the Prussian musket of that period. I tell you, I never saw anything like it in my life. It was the very worst weapon you can imagine; while the French flint-gun, as made from a model known in 1799, was the most successful and perfect thing of the kind then in use. But, pray tell me if I weary you. I can quite imagine that to the uninitiated all this must be somewhat tedious."

"On the contrary, I am greatly interested. Beside, I am not quite such a novice as you take me for. And from that moment you were seized with a desire to improve the Prussian gun?"

"Yes, from that day forward; but you can easily conceive how vague and indistinct was the idea in the head of the young journeyman locksmith."

"Did you reach Paris?"

"That I did, and I may say I there laid the foundation of whatever knowledge or skill has enabled me to do for the improvements of firearms. I was frequently employed by the most celebrated officer in that line—you may possibly have heard his name—Col. PAULI (a Wurtemberg officer, who, with his Sovereign, had joined the Emperor NAPOLEON,) and under his guidance I learnt very much."

"And the idea of improving the Prussian firearms was still busy in your brain?"

"Always. I thought of it constantly day and night, and made some trifling experiments, but nothing succeeded, for I only imitated the model gun of 1799. An actual step in the right direction, and, indeed, I may say a giant stride, was when PAULI, for whom I had been at work, but for what purpose the weapons were to be employed I had no idea—it was in the year 1809—confided to me that he had been commissioned by the Emperor to construct a breech-loading musket."

"Where could NAPOLEON have got this idea from? Was it the produce of his own brain, or had it existed previously and been suggested to him? The first breech-loading muskets were constructed two centuries ago. Old specimens are to be found in many German arsenals."

"I know not, but it seemed to let in a new light upon me. I felt better than I could understand how that it was the needle, because it was the most simple, (children's guns are loaded in this manner), and for months so great was my impatience to know the success of the gun PAULI was constructing I could scarcely sleep at night. This gun was a complete failure—that is to say, so extremely complicated that, though in expert hands not without some solid worth, yet for soldiers to be held in readiness perfectly useless. Notwithstanding this, PAULI received from NAPOLEON a present of one thousand Napoleon d'ors, the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and a ten-years' patent for the invention. PAULI's courage failed him after this first rebuff, and he gave up the idea, but it was firmly rooted, feeling thoroughly convinced it would furnish me a clue to the reconstruction of the Prussian firearms."

"It certainly must have cost you much thought and anxiety to carry out this?"

"You cannot have the remotest conception of the trouble it cost me. You must have read somewhere or other of those torments and sufferings which have ever fallen to the lot of the inventor. With the exception of bodily torture, which does not belong to our day, I may say that I have gone through everything it was possible to endure, and that for 30 long years. When at last I gave out my new igniting material accompanied by the needle-gun, imagine the revolution it caused. I was looked upon as a madman."

"Had you to encounter any special enemy?"

"One I had who opposed me with such obstinate perseverance that I was often on the very verge of despair, whose name is engraved in the annals of Bohemia, I have not yet succeeded in vanquishing. This is Routine! She is a bitter enemy, I can assure you, Sir, and as often weare the uniform of a General as the jacket of a soldier or the coat of a Minister of War, and woe be to him who has to contend against her. I could talk to you by the hour together of what I have gone through, but all would be a mere dust in the balance if my invention had not likewise had calumny, derision, and mocking insult to put up with. You said a while ago that my name was in everybody's mouth, at last that my invention had been the military glory of Prussia; but do you suppose that those who assisted me in wrestling with that infernal spirit Routine do not deserve equally honorable mention? Without their aid I certainly should never have been successful."

"Would you have any objection to mention the names of these men?"

"The Baron, now Lieutenant-General, VON PRIEM, and the late Gen. VON WITZLEBEN, aide-de-camp to His Majesty FREDERICK WILLIAM III. I had a manufactory of percussion caps here in Sömmerda, at that time the first in Prussia, and supplied the Government with the article. It was while preparing the igniting material that I made the secret, and the *sundspiegel*. [This is the name of the bit of pasteboard placed at the bottom of the Prussian cartridge, which on being pierced by the needle, ignites the powder.]

Gen. PRIEM, who was then in garrison here, witnessed my first experiments, and did not rest till he had convinced Gen. VON WITZLEBEN of its importance. Then began a struggle indeed. All I asked for was a fair trial, but the answer invariably received was that it was sheer nonsense. The General mentioned the subject to the King in the most urgent manner, and orders were issued that my invention should undergo scrutiny. I was given to understand that the whole construction of the gun was totally at variance with the theory of Col. BRAUN, then the greatest authority on the subject in Prussia, as well as in Europe; that after the tenth shot, on account of the quantity of tinder in it, which would, of course, collect at the lower end of the barrel, the gun would explode of itself. In short, it was so clearly and technically explained to me that I was an arrant fool for my pains that any one save myself would verily have believed it. My scientific knowledge was at so low an ebb that I could not demonstrate where BRAUN's theory was at fault. My simple answer to every charge was, 'Only give it a trial.'"

"And, at length, you had the satisfaction of seeing this done?"

"Stop, stop, not so fast. My greatest fear was that some unforeseen accident might postpone the long-desired experiments to an indefinite period. Gen. WITZLEBEN, one morning addressing me, as he often did, as the 'Reformer of the gun,' said, 'You will have, like LUTHER, to pass through a Wormsd' The enemy was to come off in the Hasenhaide, Prince AUGUSTUS, of Wurtemberg, being at the head of the special commission appointed for the purpose, and my celebrated opponent, BRAUN, likewise included in it. I had brought with me a hundred cartridges to be shot off from the same gun. It was a long time before the gentlemen of the Commission relaxed a muscle of their countenances, but when one shot followed the other in quick succession, the ammunition gradually decreased, and the gun would not oblige them by exploding, their faces by degrees became longer and longer. I did not utter a word, but rejoiced at the unmixed pleasure evinced by Gen. WITZLEBEN. Prince AUGUSTUS became very red. He rode up and down gazing with astonishment at the heap of cartridges, which was diminishing one by one. For the space of ten minutes the firing was kept up, till at last the riflemen declared he could shoot no more, for the barrel was too hot to hold. Fifty cartridges had been fired from it. You may imagine the expression on these gentlemen's visages when upon opening the barrel they found the breech instead of being stuffed full, as they anticipated, as clean as that of a common double-barreled gun. Prince AUGUSTUS was visibly moved. 'Shoot again,' he cried, as soon as the barrel had cooled a little, and in ten minutes more not a cartridge was left. In less than half an hour 100 shots had been fired from the same gun, and not one of all the mischances prophesied by the gentlemen of the Commission had taken place."

"Your triumph was complete," I cried, "after enormous difficulties, it is true, but still perfect and entire."

"You are mistaken," said the old gentleman with a sigh. "I had not another difficulty to combat. It was asserted that a common soldier could not possibly learn to use the weapon properly, and when years of experience had silenced this objection it was only to give place to another, and this again to a third. When at last I received orders to furnish no inconsiderable number of the weapons they were all safely stowed away in the arsenal! Thanks be to God, for having blessed our country with a long interval of peace, for if war had broken out before the manufacture of the needle-gun had been finished, I think I should have gone out of my mind."

"And was not opposition silenced at last?"

"Oh, yes. Let us say no more about it. The desire of my life has been fulfilled, and to God be the praise. All else is easily forgiven and forgotten, if I can only bring myself to believe that my invention has helped to secure our victories. But the sight of wounded drives me to despair, for it is a copying, of wounded driven me to despair, for it is a copying, of wounded driven me to despair, for it is a copying, of wounded driven

The New-York Times.

NEW-YORK, SUNDAY, SEPT. 30, 1866.

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NEWS OF THE DAY.

EUROPE.

The Ocean Telegraph gives us dispatches up to Friday, Sept. 28. Count BISMARCK is seriously ill. Prussia can ill afford to spare at this time the services of this bold and sagacious statesman. The Prussian Chamber of Deputies has passed the loan bill, the ministers having agreed to a reduction of 30,000,000 thalers. The Diet has been prorogued. It is reported that Spain has accepted the mediation of France and England between herself and the South American Republics. A Military Commission has been sent by the Italian Government to Venetia, to take possession of war material. The Archduchess CARLOTTA is visiting the Pope at Rome. Great Britain is still dispatching troops to Canada. Advices from Paris by the *Ouba's* mails state that the Marquis DE GALLIFET goes as Civil Administrator with Gen. CASTELNAU to Mexico. A dispatch from Madrid says the Spanish Government have been informed that the negotiations undertaken by the United States Government to bring about a peace between Chili and Spain, were progressing favorably.

GENERAL NEWS.

The Washington Young Men's Christian Association held a meeting on Thursday evening, at which Gen. S. L. BROWN presented the plan of the Association to erect a building for a free library, reading-rooms, gymnasium, &c. Rev. Dr. FULLER, of Baltimore, delivered an address, and was followed by Gen. O. O. HOWARD, and Rev. Drs. GURLEY, HOWLETT, SUNDERLAND and HAYS, of Baltimore. A letter from Chief-Justice CHASE was read, in which he said: "It is only when such undertakings demand aid that I wish for wealth. Without it, however, you may set me down, if the Association shall, as I hope it will, undertake the work, as contributing $500 toward it—$200 to be paid on laying the foundation, $200 on putting the building under roof, and the residue on completion; the building not to be of less value than $50,000."

Some time since Mr. OTIS WARREN, of Worcester, Mass., missed from his house $1,350 in United States bonds and compound interest notes, including one $1,000 bond. No one in the house was at first suspected, the colored servant being considered strictly honest. A few days since, however, a $50 note, a part of the above, was found, and traced through several hands to the servant. This led to the arrest of the servant and another girl. They confessed having had the $50 note, but knew nothing of the $1,000, which was found on the floor of the room where they were examined, immediately afterward.

The Mayor of Alexandria has asked the Government, through the Freedman's Bureau agent, to continue supervision of the pauper freedmen collected in the city and county until May 1, 1867, the negroes to understand distinctly that those who are able must provide for themselves at that time, and that those who are not will be disposed of in accordance with the laws of the city and State. Most of these paupers are from other parts of the country, and the city is unable to care for them and its own indigent population also. The suggestion of the Mayor has received the approbation of the City Council and people generally.

The Bangor *Whig* ridicules the extravagant statement going the rounds of the papers, that it will require 800,000,000 feet of lumber, or the whole manufacture of Maine for more than two years, to rebuild the burnt district in Portland. A practical lumberman estimates that upon a liberal calculation about 25,000 feet each will be an average for such buildings as will probably be erected in the city. Eight hundred millions of lumber, then, would be a supply for 32,000 buildings. The number burned in Portland was about 1,700, so that about fifty millions.

Gov. ORR, of South Carolina, has, in compliance with the law passed by the Legislature at its recent session, issued a circular, directed to each of the tax collectors of the State, requiring them to furnish him with a list of the names of all citizens who were permanently disabled in the State or Confederate service during the late war, particularly specifying those who have been deprived of their limbs, and stating in each case, whether it be an arm or leg, or both; the information thus acquired to be furnished to the General Assembly at the next regular session.

A Kansas letter says the yield of wheat in that State is enormous. In Southern Kansas it will fully average from twenty-eight to thirty bushels per acre. Some fields average upward of fifty bushels to the acre. Its quality is excellent, and it was harvested in fine condition. A letter from Taylor County, Ky., states that the tobacco crop in that section, this year, will be finer in quality than in any preceding year ever known. Corn throughout the State is a moderate good yield, but not so abundant as anticipated.

A young man named L. P. HEMMERLEE, who resides in Pittsburgh, Penn., on Thursday afternoon invited two strangers whom he met in a bar-room, to drink, and after complying with the invitation, one of the men struck him a terrible fist-blow, felling him to the floor. In the scuffle which ensued, HEMMERLEE was robbed of a wallet containing, as he alleges, $385 in currency, beside valuable papers. When he had recovered from the effect of the blow, the robbers were nowhere to be seen, but one of them was subsequently arrested.

A meeting of paroled Confederate soldiers was held in St. Louis on the evening of the 24th inst., to inaugurate measures for instituting an asylum for the orphans of Missouri rebel deceased. A resolution was adopted to avoid all connection with political organizations. Col. J. R. SCHALLER was unanimously elected President. Gens. MARMADUKE and BEALLE, Cols. MUSSER and SLAYBACK, and H. MCQUEE, Esq., were elected as regents.

The Attorney-General of the United States has pronounced the titles to the land on Seavey's Island satisfactory to the Government, and orders have been given for its purchase, for the purpose of enlarging the facilities of the Portsmouth (N. H.) Navy-yard, in accordance with the late act of Congress.

The Canadian delegation which is to proceed to England, for the purpose of arranging the details of the confederation of the Provinces, will leave early in November. It will include five members of the Canadian Ministry. In the course of next month 30,000 breech-loaders will be distributed among the military of Canada.

On Sunday evening last, one hundred persons, including Gen. THEODORE RUNYON, were received into full communion at St. Paul's M. E. Church, Newark, Rev. R. L. DASHIELL, Pastor. Several of the converts, among them Gen. RUNYON, related their experiences.

Advices from the Plains afford no confirmation of recent reports of Indian depredations on Powder and Big Horn Rivers. The Indians are raiding and stealing to some extent, it is reported, but the accounts referred to are said to be greatly exaggerated.

Capt. AUGUSTINE HEARD, of Ipswich, Mass., proposes to erect a building for a public library, and present it to the town. He gives a library with the building.

To-morrow, Oct. 1, is the day set by Gov. CURTIN for the execution of RICHARD THAINWELL, at Uniontown, Penn., for the murder of JAMES HOUSEMAN. The execution will be as private as possible.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, the oldest journalist, and at one time one of the most extensive publishers in the United States, died yesterday morning at Philadelphia.

LOCAL NEWS.

The funeral of the late FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL. D., took place yesterday afternoon from Calvary Church, Fourth-avenue, and was largely attended by the clergy and laity of the Diocese, and by citizens and parishioners of the deceased. The remains were deposited temporarily in Mr. NIBLO's Vault, in Greenwood Cemetery, where a monument is soon to be erected to the memory of the deceased.

A Coroner's inquest was held at Communipaw yesterday on the body of JAMES CONROY, who was drowned in the bay on Sunday night last. It appears that the deceased had been employed to carry THOS. MONAHAN out to a pile-driver lying in the stream. The two men started in a light racebout, but after proceeding a short distance the boat capsized. Both men got on the bottom of the boat, but it was so light as to sink them to the waist. Each got hold of an oar, and the supposition is that MONAHAN, fearing that the boat would not sustain two men, succeeded in pushing his companion off, whereby he was drowned. The *post-mortem* examination of the body disclosed injuries which must have been received before death. Cries of "Murder!" were heard by persons on shore while the two men were floating on the boat, and a man put out to the spot whence they issued, but only found the capsized boat. The inquest is not concluded. MONAHAN is in custody, awaiting the result of the investigation.

The attendance at the closing concert of the season at Terrace Garden last evening was not what the admirers of Mr. THOMAS hoped it would be, nor what it should have been if the weather had been less threatening. The gloomy clouds which hung overhead from noon till night, threatening momentary to fall, frightened even the lovers of good music. THOMAS, like his rival maestro, DODWORTH, had to content himself with an audience which, if few in number, was at least as enthusiastic and appreciative as a crowd.

Last evening a disturbance took place at the Republican General Committee Headquarters, owing to the presence of a double set of claimants of the rooms. THEODORE ALLEN and six other persons assaulted Mr. STRONG, an officer of the General Committee, and robbed him of his watch while standing on the street. No arrests were made although the Police were present and witnessed the affair.

The New-York Evening High School, established by the Board of Education, will be formally opened for the reception of pupils to-morrow night. This school is intended to give young laboring men, clerks, mechanics and others, a scientific knowledge of their own business. Such a school should, and doubtless will, be well attended.

The corner-stone of a fine memorial Episcopal Church was laid yesterday at Edgewater, S. I., by Right Rev. Dr. POTTER, Bishop of the Diocese. The proceedings were deeply impressive, and witnessed by a large assemblage of the parishioners and other residents of Edgewater, S. I., the site of the new edifice.

The Court of Appeals, on Friday, decided not to grant a second writ of error in the case of FRANK FERRIS, now lying under sentence of death in the Tombs. He will therefore be executed on Friday, the 19th of October.

The Conditions of Peace on this Continent.

During our war, and when we successively called into the field armies such as the civilized world had seldom seen, the London *Times* sneeringly remarked that, for such a hoarded and heterogeneous populace as ours, it was very easy to get up a large army, but the great difficulty would be how to get rid of it. Well, the war ended, and our Government had about twelve hundred thousand soldiers in the field and under pay. After the surrender of LEE, Gen. GRANT did not even go to Richmond, the objective point of his great campaign, but proceeded directly to Washington—for what? To mature measures for the reduction of the army. All Europe was again amazed and looked on in utter astonishment, when week after week it heard that major and brigadier-generals, colonels and majors, and minor officers and privates, were discharged and quietly returned to their original calling, whatever that may have been. Some sociologists in Europe promptly acknowledged that a population which could quickly, and without the least disorder, absorb among its productive class a disbanded army of a million of men, must be one of unusual character and well calculated to inspire enthusiasm.

And so it is. Eighteen months have passed since that memorable month of April, 1865, and but about fifty thousand armed men remain in the pay of the Republic of all that great host that carried us through so gigantic a war.

We refer to this fact as one of the surest guarantees of permanent peace on the American Continent. The very reason that we have no need for a large standing army, is the reason that insures peace. Just look at Europe for a moment. Every Sovereign, and there are about fifty-seven of them in all, keeps a well-appointed, well-drilled, but badly-paid army, not only as a glittering ornament to his throne, but as a necessary counterpoise to the armed array of his neighbors. Even that diminutive Kingdom of Saxony, with less population than the State of New-York, kept constantly under arms and in pay a standing army nearly twice as large as that of the United States before the late war. France has a regular force of about five hundred thousand; Austria, with a population about equal in numbers to that of the United States, keeps about six hundred thousand men in arms; Russia, with about twice the number of inhabitants, has an army of over nine hundred thousand; and so through the whole list of European nations. And this state of things will continue, in spite of all the efforts of ELIHU BURRITT or the British Peace Society. There are so many causes for jealousy and irritation in the very configuration of the political, and we might even say, ethnological division of Europe, that each people, each nation, each separate and independent country, must be prepared with force commensurate with its power to repel assaults or support pretensions. The boundaries there are all imaginary lines, drawn across mountains and streams, in irregular directions. The only exception to this may be the boundary between France and Spain, which is the high, rugged mountain range of the Pyrenees. There is hardly a day when there is not some trouble between two or more of the Governments of Europe about some infraction of their boundaries. The Crimean war, to go no further back in history than that, had its origin mainly in the effort of Russia to "rectify" her boundary line toward the Danube. The Italian war was the result of the desire of the Italian people, aided by the French, to "round off" their territory by uniting all Italians under one Government. The war just closed in Germany was provoked by the Italians on the one hand, for the same reason, and by the Prussians, also, for the rectification of their boundaries. There was no more anomalous situation than that of Prussia and Germany, speaking of their political geography, anywhere in the world. Prussia was cut in two, and between its eastern and western provinces there were wedged in nearly a dozen of other "sovereign and independent" States. Of course such a state of things could not endure. And as none would voluntarily renounce his "rights," and as others would not of their own free will abandon their pretentions, all kept themselves fully armed, the one to enforce his "rights," the other to resist foreshadowed attacks. Even now there are low murmurings throughout Europe of another impending war. The Greeks are up against the Turks, and have the sympathy of all Christians on their side. Russia and France look on with wistful eye, each eager to profit by a probable participation in the struggle, and England "don't know what to do" to prevent either from realizing their expectations.

But, beside these difficulties in regard to boundaries and general external relations of European Powers, there is another reason which compels them to incur the burden and expense of large standing armies. Their very political condition lies at the bottom of it. The relation between a hereditary monarch and his people is not such a one as to make the people, in a modern sense, feel that the Government is their own. No matter how much they may regard and respect the person of their sovereign, they feel and know that the "Government" is a personal matter with him, and that they are merely the objects to be governed, and that their relations are to be regulated in the interest of him who was born to rule over them. This distinction, so markedly drawn and so persistently kept up, between the ruler and the ruled, must, in the very nature of things, beget an antagonism that would ultimately lead to violent changes, as it has led to revolutions heretofore. Hence the power that wields the forces of the State must seek to fortify itself, and an organized army, used and operated by the commander as is a steam-engine by the engineer, and with no more self-will than a machine, is the best means to do it. Thus we see that the internal as well as external relations of the many States in Europe are such that they must keep, in efficient condition always, a large military establishment. But this very fact renders them jealous of each other, and is oftentimes provocative of war.

Not so on this continent. The United States, extending east and west from ocean to ocean, and from the great lakes to the Gulf, have a compact territory, such as no other nation, except Russia, possesses. Moreover, we have to dread no questions of boundary. We had them, it is true, in times gone by, with England about the Oregon line, and then again, about the Maine boundary, but we settled these disputed claims by amicable treaty, and nothing like it can again arise. We once had also some trouble with Mexico about Texas and her boundaries, but the treaty of Guadaloupe and the Gadsden treaty subsequently settled all that, and these questions are now put to rest. We also had some questions of domestic policy to dispose of finally, and we did so. The disruption of the Union by the secession of one or more of the States composing it is no more hereafter to be thought of. Thus we have firmly laid the foundation for permanent peace on this continent.

Changes will yet occur; of this we have no doubt. But these changes will be wrought, in the course of time, by peaceable means, and not by the violent hand of war. The fighting in Mexico is but a mere fleabite, and does not provoke us to interfere. The Empire is fast crumbling to pieces. It has no support among the masses of the people, and cannot, therefore, much longer subsist. Whatever may come thereafter, we cannot foresee or predict, but so much we do know and venture to say, that Mexico, left to itself, will surely, though gradually, gravitate toward this country, just as iron is attracted by the magnet. Not that Mexico should become part of the United States—neither is the iron, when attracted, incorporated into the magnet—but the union of the two countries will be so close that, but for the difference of race, language and internal government, hardly a distinction will be discernible. There is Canada in the north, and the Hudson Bay Company's territory in the northwest, and the Colony of Victoria on the North Pacific Coast. We do not covet an inch of any of these Provinces, and shall rejoice in their peaceful prosperity, whether as dependencies of the British Crown or as independent States. The latter, we believe, will be their ultimate fate, as soon as they have sufficiently increased in population and wealth to maintain a respectable independence. But then, when that event shall have happened, it will be the United States that will reap the greatest benefit, for those Provinces will have to lean upon their strong and powerful neighbor for an assurance of continued and increasing prosperity.

Further, our Government is the creature of the people, and carried on by and through the people. There are here no clashing interests as between the Government and the people, but all are one and the same; or rather, one is the reflector, the other the creator of public opinion. There is no need of garrisons to keep the people in subjection; there is no need of an army to protect the Government against its own "subjects," for we have no subjects; and if we have any, it is the members of the Government, who are subject to the people. We have, then, no necessity for a large standing army at home. We have no jealous neighbors on either side. We are ourselves of a pacific, mercantile turn of mind; are so powerful, and have proven ourselves so strong when required, that the whole world has learned to respect us. In all these lie the conditions of permanent peace on this continent. Let us employ them to our best advantage—hamper not our intercourse with the world by oppressive imposts; send our flag and the products of our industry and soil over all the seas and all the lands, and, be assured, that the more we grow the stronger and wealthier we become, the more will permanent peace on this continent be secured.

NAPOLEON'S OUTSIDE LABORS.—The two French attempts to keep the world in order—the attempt in Rome and the attempt in Mexico—have both come to such an ending as to constitute a warning for the Napoleonic dynasty during the rest of its existence. In neither case has His Majesty achieved any sort of a success. The Pope has not been secured in the possession of his dominions, and civil order has not been secured nor French interests subserved in Mexico. As regards the Roman question, the London *Times* truly remarks, that after eighteen years of the most painful experience, the Emperor NAPOLEON leaves it at this day precisely on the same terms as it was when he took it up in 1848. The Pope had at that juncture been left at the mercy of his subjects, and political passions had risen so high round the Vatican that an expedition to Rome, meant to screen the Pope from personal outrage, was justified in the opinion of all reasonable men. But all efforts to prop up or reform his Government were made in vain, and their utter futility is now emphatically acknowledged. The Pope will soon be once more in the hands of his subjects, and, were these determined to be rid of him, it is doubtful whether even the 1,905 hirelings from Antibes could do more for their new sovereign than favor his second flight. If, in like manner, NAPOLEON found Mexico in a condition of anarchy when he undertook his expedition four years ago, he is compelled to leave it now in a worse state of anarchy than ever it was. He has never been able to establish civil order there, nor to conquer the Mexican people; nor has he been able to found a Government that can command respect or obedience. NAPOLEON does very well, after his style, in France. He has there established a very strong Government, and has founded a dynasty which may last after he himself has passed away. He had better, for the rest of his existence, confine his labors entirely to his own dominions.

The Russian Reception to Our Countrymen.

The speech of Prince GORTSCHAKOFF, Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, at the dinner given to our countrymen by the English Club of St. Petersburgh, has excited much attention in Europe. This fraternization of the great Imperial Government of the East with the Democratic Republic of the West, has aroused much astonishment in France and England, and called forth some not very agreeable criticisms from the Press of both countries. What is the meaning of this especial visit by a powerful squadron to Russian ports, why this triumphal progress through Russia, these *fêtes* and dinners in St. Petersburgh, and the repeated proffer of the right hand of friendship in so many towns? Above all, what is the significance of a distinguished Russian statesman breaking through the usual reticence of Russian officials, and offering such open and warm professions of amity, and taking pains to make the meaning declaration that this new friendship conveys "no menace or peril" to the other European Powers?

The European public cannot avoid a slight expression of uneasiness at these strange international courtesies, as if the union of Powers so remote boded no good to Central Europe.

In seeking an explanation of these manifestations of sentiment, we need not resort to the usual common places of "the sympathy between ungoverned Democracy and unlimited Imperialism."

As a Republic, we have no sympathy with a Despotism; and no two societies could be more unlike than ours and the Russian. But it is the habit of Americans to admit, even in discussions, the right of every people to its own form of government. They accept things as they are, and have no wish or purpose to force their own institutions on communities not adapted for them. They know that Russia is passing through tremendous social changes, which must lead her on steadily in the path of human progress. They respect her grand efforts at reform, and would not intrude their own methods on a people so unaccustomed to them. They can sympathize with Russian progress, even if it is still under the shield of Imperialism. But the American cordiality toward Russia has a deeper root. Neither nations nor individuals forget those who stood by them in their misfortunes. This people cannot easily cease to remember that when the British Government was indirectly doing its best to destroy our commerce, and openly insulting our cause, and prophecying our downfall—when France sought to form an alliance which should recognize the rebels as a Nation—Russia always expressed the most considerate friendship toward this country, and openly uttered her hopes for the triumph of the Union. Such expressions of friendship in a time of national peril, are more than words.

Again, there are certain analogies in the positions of the two Powers toward Europe which, if they do not impair friendship, at least throw no obstacle to union. They are both somewhat out of the European circle of States; they are both capable within themselves of developing their own growth, and are independent to a great degree, owing to their vast territories and numerous agricultural population, of foreign countries. Their progress will be in a direction away from Europe; here toward the West, there toward the East.

The peoples of each have an overpowering sense of nationality, and are absorbing and civilizing weaker races—there in Asia, here in the Central West, California and perhaps hereafter in Mexico.

Both are anxiously developing their naval power, that they may hold their own against France and England. The ambition of each, gigantic as it may be, cannot possibly encroach on that of the other, and the vast empires, exceeding almost any in history, which they shall yet build, will nowhere touch except in the extreme of the frozen North. Their interests, political or commercial, cannot clash. They have each, too, with enormous sacrifices, and under convulsions which have shaken the very frame-work of their societies, removed the great burdens on their progress—human bondage. An aristocratic class with each (despite Prince GORTSCHAKOFF's protestations), still threatens the peace of the State; and the immense problems resulting from emancipation occupy in both countries the attention of all thinking minds, and prevent the possibility of engaging in foreign war. By a singular and painful analogy, too, a friend of the class despoiled by emancipation has struck in each at the life of the great emancipator; in America with a too fatal success, in Russia, happily, without injury.

All these real sympathies and interests, as well as others which are merely fanciful, do for the time render our relations with the Czaric Government and the great Russian people most cordial, and explain the effusions which have called out so much ridicule in the French and English papers. That there is any deeper purpose in these cordialities and courtesies we do not believe.

ITALIAN FINANCE.—Now that the war is over, and the external relations of the Italian Kingdom fixed on a satisfactory basis, we are glad to see that the Italian leaders and writers are earnestly directing their attention to the question of Italian finance. The Treasury is in the worst possible condition; the system of taxation, if system it can be called, is incoherent and inefficient; the credit is low, and the expenditures are vastly larger than are necessary. The seizure of the eccleiastical property may furnish a small help to the Treasury for a time; but this is hardly worth taking into consideration. There must be a comprehensive system of taxation devised, and then it must be efficiently and honestly enforced. There must also be devised a system of rigid economy in the military and civil administration of the Kingdom, and everything like lavishness in the disposal of the public funds must be brought to an end. The great reduction in the size and cost of the military establishment which is now possible will aid largely in this direction. We think that in these matters Italian statesmen and writers could learn a great deal that would be of advantage to them by studying attentively what has been accomplished in this country during the last few years, and what is being accomplished here now. Things cannot exactly be done in Italy as they have been done in the United States, for the reason that the condition of the people and the condition of industry are very different in the two countries. But still there are important lessons that the new Kingdom of Italy may learn through a study of our experiences and successes.

An Immense Mission Field.

We have very many times urged that next in importance to the proper industrial organization of the Southern blacks, is that of their educational improvement; and both of these come a long way before their political enfranchisement. We have earnestly urged the necessity of the establishment of an educational system throughout the Southern States upon a large scale, and we have urged the duty of the governments of the respective States in this matter. It is they alone which can originate, establish, and permanently maintain a system of education which shall be capable of efficient application to all the people of all classes and colors. The General Government is incapable of performing such a work rightly, even if it was its duty to do so, or if it had the power. The Northern people can aid but to a very limited extent in the matter; and though they may be able to furnish trained teachers, and to make money contributions for educational purposes, yet their efforts must be imperfect and inefficient as well as limited in their scope. We therefore urge thus repeatedly the imperative duty of the various States of the South to take hold as soon as possible of this great and pressing work; and we hope that many months will not be allowed to pass before we are able to announce the initiation of effort by one or other of the Southern Legislatures.

In the meantime, however, it is eminently fitting that those in the North who appreciate the importance of education to the emancipated blacks should do all that is in their power to forward the work. What they have already done has been of unquestioned value in more ways than one. It has not only resulted in furnishing instruction to so many persons, but it has kept the subject before the Southern people. And in this connection we may refer to the labor of the American Freedmen's and Union Commission, which has just issued an appeal for help to keep open the schools which it has established throughout the South. During the year they have sent to the Southern States two hundred and twenty-two teachers, and employed in the work of relief and education supplies and money to the extent of nearly $340,000. To carry on this work, however, they require immediate aid to the extent of $5,000 a month; and the names of the managers of the Commission give a guarantee that all that is contributed will be efficiently and economically employed. The Freedmen's Bureau has announced that it cannot pay teachers' salaries or board, and that it can only give incidental aid to the work of educating the blacks. All that is done, therefore, in this direction, must be the result of voluntary effort; and we are happy to say that we hear that the churches and clergymen in the South are willing to do their share to cooperate with the Northern people in the business, and to give it all the aid that is in their power. In the circular of the Commission, we find the following statement, which we commend to the earnest attention and generous thought of all who are capable of appreciating the importance to the country of taking advantage of the present opening for missionary effort that is furnished in the South:

"There are 800,000 colored children in the South needing education and eager for the advantages of common schools, add to this nearly 600,000 whites, who can neither read nor write, making in all nearly 1,400,000 that are capable of being made an immense blessing to the nation morally, religiously, socially and pecuniarily. Of this number only 14,048 have been in our schools the past year. For want of funds only 250 teachers have been sent, where 25,000 are needed. Only 1,405 teachers and 90,778 pupils have been sustained by all the volunteer societies. Our present engagements will deplete our treasury to the last cent, and we must soon announce to our old teachers that our treasury is empty, and that they cannot be retained unless contributions come in more rapidly."

International Copyright.

We observe that a portion of the English Press is reviving the often-debated subject of an international copyright law. There is among them at the same time too much disposition to view the need of such a law as chiefly arising out of American infringements of the rights of authors, and to assume that the passage of such a law as called for not by us but by them. This opinion is based upon certain circumstances which, say our critics, are well known. One is that we have no literature of our own, but are dependent for our books upon English writers, and the other is that we reprint every work of any literary value, and offer no compensation to the writers for making use of the products of their brains. And these allegations, having been rendered current by constant reiteration, have come to be accepted as proved facts, which militate against the world's good opinion of our culture and our honesty.

The charge against us that we reprint everything published abroad that is of value might be easily met by a general denial, but we prefer to be somewhat specific. We would therefore ask the leading English publishers to say whether they do or do not send to this country large consignments of works, which have been specially ordered to be sent in sheets unfolded and unbound, and for which a fair price is paid—in short, whether there are not editions of those works published here, but which have been fairly bought, and the profit upon which goes to the English publisher and author. All those familiar with the mysteries of the publishing trade know this to be the case. And then with regard to English periodical literature and our own. The proprietors of our leading periodicals are in the habit of reprinting English novels as serial portions of their monthly or weekly issues. There are few of these periodicals which do not pay an agreed price for advance sheets, or even when they do not have advance sheets, do not recognize the claim which the author may set up by payment for the use of his book. And, in fact, we decline in this matter to accord to English publishers the credit of any more liberal or straightforward dealings than are common to our own.

But there is something more to be said upon the relative sum of injury inflicted by English and American publishers upon each other. There is a very numerous class of periodicals in England which are very largely indebted to our periodicals for their contents. Any person who will take the trouble to procure a full set of one week's issue of London magazines and journals will be surprised to recognize many familiar faces therein. Stories, poetry, facetiæ, everything of a popular character, that has been last written and printed here, is faithfully reproduced, and that, too, without a single word of acknowledgment as to its source or author. We could name cheap London journals which almost entirely depend upon American newspapers for their light reading, and who would suffer very greatly by the introduction of a copyright bar against their pilferings. Then with regard to books. There is no good American book that is not immediately reprinted, and many of such circulate to an extent at which their authors would be amazed. This is the case not only with books of fiction and of a general literary character, but also with volumes of sermons, of theological discussion and of criticism. It is surprising, indeed, how great the trade in American books reprinted in England is. Nay, we have even heard of hastily imported and as hastily preached sermons, which have previously delighted and edified the crowded audiences of our own divines. In short, there is no possible reason why the blame, such as it is, of appropriating foreign literature, should not apply equally to the English as to the American people.

But, say our critics over the water, the American people have no literature, and the balance of appropriation is therefore very largely in their favor. Nothing is easier than to make assertions, and the assertion has been made so often that it has come to be thought true—some injudicious writers among ourselves have, indeed, indorsed it, though with little knowledge and less sense. We have been accustomed to think that in proportion to our national life we have not been by any means behindhand in the production of good books. The names of IRVING, HILDRETH, BRYANT, CHANNING, BANCROFT, COOPER, HAWTHORNE and a host of others are well enough known and reprinted to refute the assertion that we have no literature. Of course we do not mean to say that there has yet grown a literature which, like that of older nations, is at once cotemporaneous with and illustrative of their history, and by which their national character has to some extent been moulded. That is a development which can only come with a greater age than we have yet attained to as a people. But if literature is made up of good writings then we have one, and the test of its goodness is that it is appropriated in many foreign countries.

We think that the copyright question ought to be settled, and the sooner the better. The great majority of our people desire that there should be mutual protection of English and our own authors, and the "trade" here is as ready to further efforts in obtaining such as any one else can be.

AN EVENING HIGH SCHOOL.—The intended opening of an evening High School to-morrow at Grammar School No. 35, in Thirteenth-street, and full particulars of which will be found in another column, calls for special notice. It is not the young alone among us who are anxious of some educational opportunities, and the evening schools already in operation (and which also reopen on Monday) have given an elementary training to very many adults. The new experiment is for the purpose of extending that training into wider and higher fields of knowledge, and its inception is very honorable to the gentlemen who have such matters in charge.

THE NORTHWEST.

The Gold Fields of Vermilion Lake—The Slate Fields of the St. Louis River—The Copper Discoveries in Wisconsin—Silver Discoveries on Encampment River—A Railroad Strife between Minnesota and Wisconsin—Superior City and its Prospects—Lake Travel during the past Season.

Special Correspondence of the New-York Times.

SUPERIOR CITY, Wis., Monday, Sept. 10, 1866.

Our long Summer jaunt is nearly ended, so nearly ended, in fact, that we have now entered upon the last chapter of our notes by the way. The facts to be recorded in this epistle have been gleaned by a fair amount of rough journeying, and must have more or less of interest to all who keep informed of the mineral developments of the country. The TIMES has already published during the present season very complete letters about the developed copper regions of Lake Superior—hence, here we shall not intrude. Our own explorations have had more to do with the country north and west of Superior, and of this we shall write in the present letter.

VERMILION LAKE.

It is now just a year since the gold fever of Vermilion Lake had its beginning. Since that time sixteen companies have been organized for the development of the region, and between one and two hundred persons have been upon the spot since last winter, mostly occupied in proving claims. A number of assays have been made, none of them giving very satisfactory results. Indeed, Prof. CHASE, of Rhode Island, advised in a printed report that those who were excited over Vermilion Lake should turn their attention to the cultivation of the soil. It is also true that almost every intelligent man who has pluck enough to visit the region returns with his ardor considerably dampened. And yet certain infatuated individuals persist in pushing the matter forward, and are constantly sending "specimens" to New-York, Boston and Chicago. After hearing and seeing all sides of the question, we are satisfied that it is only a waste of money to work the talcose slate formations of Vermilion Lake. For our own part, we would quite as soon take stock in some of the enterprises for digging up the hidden treasure of Capt. KIDD. One company has expended $30,000, and has its stamping machine on the ground. It cost $1,500 to transport it from Superior City to the lake. As yet there is no road which can be traveled—only a trail through the swamps and forests. Most persons make the journey by canoe up the St. Louis and Embarras Rivers. This route is over two hundred miles, and has some dozen or more portages.

Altogether, the new "gold fields" have an unpromising look. The highest assay made by any person has been $28 to the ton, and Prof. CHASE could make only $17. The gold diggings near Lyme, N. H., are much more inviting, and the signs are as propitious for the precious metal along the St. Croix River, or the James of Dacotah, as they are at this out-of-the-way Lake of Vermilion. In fact, we have picked up as fine specimens of gold on the banks of the James as we have yet seen from Vermilion. But this is the way that New-York and Boston men are humbugged, being at such a convenient distance that they can have no accurate knowledge of the real condition of things. Some years ago this same Vermilion Lake was the scene of a similar excitement, but it soon blew over, having served its purpose of filling somebody's pockets at the expense of others.

IN THE RAPIDS.

We shall always associate Vermilion Lake with an incident we met with a few days ago. We chanced upon a poor fellow—both deaf and dumb—who had become disgusted with mining operations at the lake, and not having the means to employ a voyageur to accompany him down the rivers, took passage alone in a frail canoe. A more foolhardy thing a man could not do, since the St. Louis River is full of dangerous rapids. His experiment was soon terminated by his canoe wrecking upon the rocks, and pitching him headlong into the rapids. Of course he lost all his baggage and provisions, and had a hard struggle for life. After passing through the breakers, pitching against all the rocks and logs, he finally succeeded in reaching the shore, much bruised and utterly exhausted. After a time, having recovered himself a little, he started on foot through the woods for—he hardly knew where. In this plight some Indians discovered him, fed him, and guided him through to Superior City. He seemed to think that he had had enough of mining, and thought he would hereafter devote himself to some legitimate trade.

THE ST. LOUIS RIVER.

There is probably no river in the country about which so little is generally known, and which is of so much importance, as the St. Louis. At its mouth it widens into a splendid bay, and for quite a distance up the largest vessels can ascend. Twenty-five miles from Superior it runs over vast beds of the most beautiful slate—the finest that can be imagined. As a power for manufacturing purposes it has no equal anywhere—not even at St. Anthony's Falls. There are also indications of mineral ore along its shores. Its course is through a fine timber country; and altogether the St. Louis River is likely to become very important in the future developements of the country. Several saw-mills are now located near its mouth.

COPPER DISCOVERIES IN WISCONSIN.

We spent two days last week in exploration of the new copper discoveries on Copper Creek, thirteen miles from Superior City. The journey thither was the most difficult that we have ever encountered, the only (and a very considerable) mitigation to the evils of which being the inspiring presence of some adventurous and not easily-discouraged Philadelphia ladies, and all under the guidance of that prince of good fellows, known to all Superior travelers—Mr. THOMPSON RITCHIE. Two companies have been organized for the working of mines in this region—one known as the "Copper Creek Company," and the other the "Wisconsin." The prospects of these companies are exceedingly good, the veins thus far exposed exhibiting very rich ore. Neither company has a stamping machine in operation, but another season will doubtless see the mines yielding a rich profit. Very little is heard of this mining region because of its inaccessibility, but a moderate expenditure upon roads will bring within reach a mining territory as promising as many of the well-known localities on Keewenaw Point.

DISCOVERIES OF SILVER.

A valuable discovery has recently been made on the north shore of Lake Superior, about thirty-five miles northeast from Superior City. A very large silver vein has been uncovered directly upon the shore and near Encampment Island. The vein juts out at the water's edge, and has been traced back a distance of two hundred feet. All who have seen the vein agree upon its obvious richness, and one man (E. W. ANDERSON, Jr., of Superior City,) was bright enough to secure the land at the earliest moment. Surely this is a country underlaid with riches, the extent of which is very little known as yet. What with the iron at Marquette, copper at Portage, silver at Encampment River and possibly gold at Vermilion, it would seem that there is no limit to the mineral resources. If speculators would only have a little regard for actual values and not for mere printed certificates, mining operations would not be so much in disfavor, and the true wealth of the country would be sooner developed.

ABOUT RAILROADS.

Next to mining, the all-absorbing topic of conversation in Minnesota and Wisconsin is that of projected railroads. There is one loud and universal cry for a railroad connecting Superior City with St. Paul. And hereby hangs a struggle. The St. Paul people are anxious for a road, and a company has been formed for the purpose. But they want it to terminate at Lake Superior, upon Minnesota soil, lest it should tend to build up a city in Wisconsin at the expense of St. Paul. Mr. BANNING, the President of the road, has made an effort to secure funds in Europe, but unsuccessfully. Other projects are under way, some of which may secure the success of the enterprise. The idea seems to be to have the Superior end of the road at Duluth, which is seven miles from Superior City. Another Company is well under way with the plan of building a road from Hudson, on the St. Croix, to Superior City, with a branch to Bayfield, further down upon the Lake. This Company has had surveyors out all the season, and there seems to be some prospect of a speedy beginning of operations. Meanwhile, we can but wish, for the real interests of all parties, that an Eastern Company could be organized, which should buy out the privileges of the Minnesota Company, and proceed at once to build a road from St. Paul to Superior City. The distance is 160 miles, the country very level, and requiring few bridges. The land grant to this Company covers a tract equal to sixteen miles width for one-half its entire distance. St. Paul has agreed to furnish $200,000, and a single county $150,000. The Wisconsin road has also very liberal grants. Whichever is built, it can but prove of the greatest importance to the entire Lake trade, as, indeed, to the country west. It would build up St. Paul and Superior City, and neither at the expense of the other. That which interests one must interest both.

SUPERIOR CITY.

Few towns have had so disastrous a history as Superior City. It will be remembered how, ten years ago, there was a grand speculative movement tending to create a great city at this remote point on the lakes. Senators DOUGLAS and BUCKINGHAM, and a bevy of public characters enlisted, in the project. A splendid city was plotted, having as fine natural advantages as any city in the country. In front was a beautiful bay; on one side the beautiful River Nemaji; and on the other the broad bay of the St. Louis. Houses and stores went up as if by magic; five miles of plank sidewalks were laid; and the forests fell as before some great Behemoth of destruction. Disaster came, and for ten years a cloud has rested upon the place. But it is once again looming up—once again the eyes of the far-seeing are directed toward this spot—and before three years shall have passed, we look for the realization of some of the past dreams. The beautiful plateau, with its broad bay frontal, is there yet; and brave, energetic men are still there, bound to retrieve all that was lost. Lots now bring $400 and $500 each, and there are other indications of a new start. A more enchanting location for a city was never selected.

BLACK RIVER FALLS.

We have had the pleasure of seeing the to-be-famous Black River Falls. The roads are so unfinished that it is almost impossible to reach the falls in Summer. But we were impelled by the determination of some energetic ladies, and the trip was undertaken. After a jolt through the mire for thirteen miles, a walk through a trail in the woods for a couple more miles, brought us to the Niagara and Minnehaha of Wisconsin. The falls have an abrupt descent of more than eighty feet, and form a most picturesque variety to the scenery of the country about.

THE NATIONAL GUARD.

The Second Military District—Commissary Lasting Supplies for the Brigades in Gen. Hall — Drills, Inspections and Movements of the Troops — Military Appointments and Resignations — Encampment of the Seventh Regiment.

The following record of National Guard movements is presented for the information of those interested in military matters. The militia in the several portion of the State seems to be in a healthy condition.

THE SECOND MILITARY DISTRICT.

COMMISSARY SUPPLIES FOR THE BRIGADES IN GEN. HALL'S DIVISION.

Brig.-Gen. LLOYD ASPINWALL, commanding the First Division, announces to Brevet Colonel [illegible], Deputy Commissary General, that all returns of ordnance and ordnance stores for the Division must be rendered to the Ordnance Department, at Albany, on or before the 1st day of November next, and that all returns of clothing, camp and garrison equipage, and all other property pertaining to the Quartermaster's Department, must be rendered to the Quartermaster-General, at Albany, on or before the 15th day of November next

MONETARY AFFAIRS.

Sales at the Stock Exchange—SEPT. 29, 1866.

$1,400	US.6s,5-20s,C.'62	112	
1,000	do ...Small	112¾	
130,000	US.6s,5-20s,C.'65	109⅞	
6,000	do	109½	
80,000	U. S. 5s, 10-40 C.	99½	
5,000	U. S.5s, 10-40s R.	99¼	
1,500	Tr. Notes,7 3-10s		
	First Ser	108¼	
4,500	do ...2d Ser.	108¼	
1,000	do ...3d Ser.	108½	
1,500	do ...Small	108	
6,000	Tenn. 6s	71½	
6,000	Tenn. St. 6s, N.	71¾	
7,000	do	72	
14,000	do	72	
2,000	Cal. 7s	114¾	
1,000	do	115	
4,500	Virginia St. 6s	68¾	
4,000	Va. 6s ...2-o...1930	67	
5,000	N. Car. St. 6s	64½	
5,000	N. Car. 6s ...2-o	65	
1,000	N. Car. 7s, Re.	66	
4,000	Mo. 6s, 5 & 6 St.J.		
	Issue	61½	
280,000	O. & M. Cer.	2½	
10,000	N. Y. Cen. 7s, '76.		
	Conv.	112½	
1,000	Erie 3d M.	96¾	
1,000	Harlem 1st M.	104¾	
20,000	Alb. & T. H.1st	92	
4,000	Chi. & N.W.1st M	88¾	
5,000	do. 2d M.	85	
1,000	Mich. So. 2d M.	86	
2,000	Tol. & W.Eq. B	72	
1,000	Chi. & Alt. 1st M	89	
200,000	Chi. & Mil. 1st M	88	
25	Shore & L. Bank	112	
80	Nassau Bank	105½	
5	Metro. Bank	130	
20	do	128	
30	Continental Bank	103½	
250	Canton Co	55	
200	Cumb. Coal P	55½	
200	do	56	
100	do	56	
200	do	56½	
100	Week. U. Tel	49	
100	do	48¾	
200	do	48¾	
200	do	64¾	
100	do ...2d call	65	
25	West. U. Tel. Ass. Extension	93	
300	Quick. Min	33	
100	do ...b10	33½	
400	do	33¾	
100	Mar. Min.	13¾	
1000	Mar. Min. Pr.	30	
100	do ...b30	30	
200	do	29¾	
100	Union Nav. Co	108	

OPEN BOARD—10 A. M.

$20,000	US.6s,5-20s,C.'62	112	
20,000	Am. Gold	144¾	
210,000	do	144¾	
60,000	do	144¾	
200,000	do	144¾	
16,000	do	144¾	
20,000	do ...b10	144¾	
1100	Canton Co	55	
200	do ...b15	55½	
300	Rutland Mar	30¾	
200	Cumb. Coal	55½	
100	do	55½	
100	do	55½	
100	do ...b10	55½	
200	Spruce Hill C.	5½	
1100	Mar. Pref.	39½	
300	do ...s3	39½	
100	do	39½	
100	West. U. Tel	48¾	
200	do	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do ...s3	48¾	
200	do	48¾	
100	do ...b10	48¾	
300	N. Y. Central	114¾	
100	do	114¾	
100	do	114¾	
200	do	114¾	
100	do	114	
100	do ...b3	114	
100	do	114	
3	Cleve. & Tol	1.2	
40	Cleve. & Pitts	89	
330	do ...s3	88¾	

OPEN BOARD—1 P. M.

$10,000	O. & M. C	25¾	
200	Canton Co	56¼	
100	Rutland Mar	30¾	
100	Rutland Mar	32½	
100	Chic. & Alton	113¾	
100	do	113¾	
100	Mich. Cen	115	
100	Cum. Coal	56¼	
200	do	56¼	
100	do	56¼	
100	do	56½	
100	do ...b3	56½	
100	M. S. & N. I. R	69¾	
300	do	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
200	do	69¾	
100	do ...b3	69¾	
100	do ...s3	69¾	
100	do ...b10	69¾	
200	Spruce H. C.	4¾	
200	Quicksilver	3¾	
100	do ...s30	3¾	
100	Mar. Min Co.	13¾	
100	Mar. Pref.	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	West. U. Tel.	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do ...s3	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do ...b3	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
100	do	48¾	
500	Erie R.	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	do ...b10	39¾	
100	do	39¾	
100	do ...s3	39¾	
100	do ...b10	39¾	
100	Reading R.	103	
200	do	103	
200	do	103	
100	do	103	
100	do	103	
100	do ...b3	103	
100	do	103	
100	do	103	
100	do	103	
100	do ...s3	103	
100	do ...b10	103	
100	Chic. & Alton	113¾	
100	do	113¾	
100	Mich. Cen	115	
100	do	115¼	
100	do ...b3	115	
100	M. S. & N. I. R	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
100	do	69¾	
100	do ...b3	69¾	
100	do ...s3	69¾	
100	do ...b10	69¾	
100	Chic. & N. W	24¾	
100	do	24¾	
100	do ...b10	24¾	
100	do ...s3	24¾	
100	do ...b3	24¾	
100	do ...s3	24¾	
100	do ...b3	24¾	
100	do ...s3	24¾	
100	do ...b10

GAS FIXTURES.

NOVELTIES IN

W. J. F. DALLEY & CO.,
No. 261 BROADWAY,
Bole Agents in New-York for the sale of H. N. Hooper & Co.'s Gasaliers, Brackets, &c. Also, Parent Argand Burner for sale or to be used with Pendants.

GRAND & DARIMON,
No. 305 BROADWAY,
Between Duane and Reade-sts.,
Will open on SATURDAY, Oct. 6, with a full assortment of Gasaliers, Brackets, &c., of their own manufacture, and of the most approved styles.

DRY GOODS.

LACE CURTAINS AND CRETONNE.
LOUIS & TAYLOR,
Nos. 481 to 487 BROADWAY,
To Lace Curtain Manufacturers, Importers, and Dealers in Lace Curtains, Curtain Materials, Upholstery, and Drapery Goods.
LOUIS & TAYLOR will open on MONDAY, Oct. 13, at their new store, Nos. 481 to 487 BROADWAY, a full assortment of LACE CURTAINS, CRETONNE, and other DRAPERY GOODS, to which they invite the attention of the trade.
LOUIS & TAYLOR.

FASHIONABLE DRESS GOODS.
Plain Poplins, Fancy Rep, Merinos, Wool Plaids, Printed Cashmeres, Delaines, Persian Cloths, &c.,
including every novelty in Dress Goods, for Fall and Winter wear.
LOUIS & TAYLOR,
Nos. 481 to 487 BROADWAY,
Nos. 265 to 271 GRAND-STREET.

NEW CARPETINGS, OIL CLOTHS,
STAIR CARPETINGS, VELVETS, BRUSSELS,
THREE-PLY, INGRAIN, RUGS, MATS, RODS,
FIXTURES, &c., &c.,
ALSO, WINDOW SHADES,
LACE CURTAINS AND CURTAIN MATERIALS
LOUIS & TAYLOR,
Nos. 481 to 487 BROADWAY,
Nos. 265 to 271 GRAND-STREET.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH IN TUSCADY AVENUE.
The Corner-stone of the above Church will be laid on TUESDAY, Oct. 9, at 3 o'clock P. M. The Rev. Dr. ADAMS will officiate. The public are invited to attend.
By order of the Building Committee.
JAMES A. BEARD, Chairman.
JOHN C. ROBERTSON, Secretary.

SHIPPING.

STEAM TO GLASGOW AND LIVERPOOL.
CUNARD LINE.
The Steamship CHINA, Capt. C. HENDERSON, will leave Pier No. 4, North River, on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7, at 12 M.
Freight taken at moderate rates.
Passage Office, No. 4 Bowling Green.
JOSIAH CURTIS, Agent.

FOR LIVERPOOL—SATURDAY, Oct. 10.
IOWA CLYDE, SATURDAY, Oct. 17.
ALPS, SATURDAY, Oct. 24.
Steamers leave Pier No. 44, North River, at 3 P. M.
Cabin passage, $100 gold.
Steerage passage, $30 currency.
Freight or passage apply to
WILLIAM COOK,
No. 2 Bowling Green.

FOR LIVERPOOL, CORK FOR ORDERS.
The new and splendid steamship
CITY OF BOSTON,
Capt. J. BROWN, will leave Pier No. 44 North River, foot of Morton-st., on SATURDAY, Oct. 10, at 3 P. M.
Cabin passage, $100 gold.
Steerage passage, $30 currency.
Freight or passage apply to
WILLIAM COOK,
No. 2 Bowling Green.

UNITED STATES PASSPORT BUREAU.
Information about to obtain Passports by any other Bureau in WILLIAMS & GUION, No. 21 Wall-st.

IRISH POPLINS, $2 50 per yard. CRAPE EUGENIE
POPLIN ALPACAS, COLORADO CLOTH,
EMPRESS CLOTH, IRISH POPLINS,
EMPRESS ALPACAS, $2 per dress.
FANCY DRESS GOODS,
CRAPE CLOTHS, $3 per dress.
CRAPE DE LAINES, $3 per dress.
Second quality, $2 50 per dress.
Now opening at Nos. 53 and 55 West Broadway, and will be sold on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 7, 1868.
CLARK, DUNHAM & CO.

SUNDRY SALE OF DRESS GOODS.
Also, Shawls, Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets, Ribbons, Laces, Embroideries, Handkerchiefs, Parasols, &c., at 10 o'clock A. M. and 2 o'clock P. M. each day, at the Store of
H. B. CLAFLIN & CO.,
Nos. 337 and 339 CANAL-ST.,
Corner of Church-st

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

CENTRAL PARK.

The Music—The Drive—The Beauties of the Northern End.

The heavy rain clouds which hung overhead all the afternoon of yesterday, wrapping the City and its surroundings in murky gloom, were so suggestive of a ducking, that even the habitues of the Mall on music day after immemorable longing looks in the direction of the Park and dissatisfied ones at the melancholy sky, withdrew into the shadow of comfortable interiors and consoled themselves in their disappointment as best they could. The Park, therefore, was comparatively deserted. True, there was a number of the weather-wise of both sexes "who knew it wouldn't rain to sundown," and a goodly crowd of the irrepressibles who would have their Park and music on Saturdays if, like sugary Tom, their melting was the consequence of a shower, and that they left traces of their dissolving sweetness all along the Mall coming home. Beside these, there were the thousand and one young ladies, and a similar number of the other sex, who couldn't stay away without forfeiting their plighted faith to admire the turtle doves in pairs every Saturday. Altogether, perhaps, a thousand or so gathered around the pavilion, another found seats in the immediate neighborhood, and one or two thousand more dotted the Terrace steps, the promenade around the lake, the green slopes that skirt the Mall and the walks sheltered most from the cool breeze blowing from the northeast. As the rain did not come down, it is to be regretted that those who love their Park gala-day, did not defy the threatening cloud, wrap themselves up comfortably and enjoy themselves. On no day this season was there so choice a bill of fare as that presented yesterday afternoon by BODWORTH, and the style in which the intellectual feast was served, was worthy of the *maitre*. The *carte* was as follows:

PART I.

1. Fest March.....Bergman
2. Overture—"La Muette di Partici".....Auber
3. Anna Masurka.....Kuhner
4. Larghetto from Symphony No. 2.....Beethoven

PART II.

5. Liberty Quickstep.....Strauss
6. Overture to Martiona.....Wallace
7. "Roderick" Polka.....Fredbe
8. Grand selection from the "Hugenots".....Meyerbeer

PART III.

9. "Shamrock" Garland.....Bodworth
10. Passion Flower Waltz.....Coote
11. March—"Indiene," from "L'Africaine".....Meyerbeer
12. Galop—"Burlesque".....Cassidy

The audience though small, comparatively, was both attentive and appreciative, and not unfrequently demonstrative in the expression of their pleasure. The "Larghetto," from Beethoven's Symphony No. 2, was given with much delicacy of expression, and the selection from "Les Huguenots" was fine. The "Shamrock Garland" received the welcome always given to selections of Irish airs when rendered by those who know how to interpret justly the wedded mirth and sorrow in the music of the Isle of Saints. In a cornet solo, "The Wearing of the Green" was interpreted by Mr. JEFF. BODWORTH with much feeling, and the applause which followed was a complimentary acknowledgment of the skill of the performer. The "galop," which wound up the programme, and a few drops of rain which fell as the waters clapped their hands" in upper air, were unmistakeable hints to the crowd to make southward with all decent haste, and in half an hour the Mall was deserted by all but the irrepressibles, who "were neither sugar nor salt," and the unquenchables in gray and buttons.

THE DRIVES.

The drives, as a matter of course, made but a poor show yesterday. There was probably not more than a thousand vehicles at any time in the park. The gay turnouts, with their gayer occupants, who gave color to the panorama during the sunny days preceding, were absent from the scene. The sober-colored, comfortably-wrapped-up people, and the indefatigable fleet-footed horses only were there.

On Tuesday last, almost incredible as the story is, over twelve thousand vehicles passed through the park *en route* for Jerome Park. This is by far the heaviest record of this kind in the table of statistics.

GO NORTH!

Not more than one in every five thousand people who visit the Park on foot get further north than the southern entrance to the great reservoir, and few even so far as this. From the southern to the northern extremity of the Park is a long stretch on foot, too long for ladies as they are constructed now-a-days, and too long for the effeminate gentlemen who languidly chew their canes, and vote anything that is manly, in the physical effort it demands, "a horrid bore" (pronounced "bo-ah"). But not too long for those who have once before been tempted to perform the charming pilgrimage of this by far the most beautiful portion of the grounds. Those who go the round in carriages, and never leave their cushioned seats do not know the thousand charming spots hidden by the thick foliage of this region. Rustic grottoes, quaint bridges, gloomy caves, awakening memories of the weird tales of childhood; waterfalls, making music as they fall into lakes that catch the sunlight only here and there as it breaks in lines through the leafy shadow overhead; shadowy nooks beside them where some Undine might be found and won; sedgy pools that look as old as if they had been companions to the rocks above them since the Deluge; and rocky heights above the level of the tallest trees from which the Park and the country for miles around can be gathered at a glance—all these are but a few of the charms which afforded the visitor.

Without any desire to depreciate the attractions of the southern end, for they are worthy of all admiration, they bear no comparison to those at the extreme north. The Mall, the Drives, the Lakes, the Ramble have each and all their charms, but they are charms that grow familiar, and "'tis true," if "pity 'tis, 'tis true," in growing familiar grow less charming. Not so with the pictures of the northern end. The beauty there is not so fixed. Nature, not art, is the reigning queen, and the landscape is ever changing. In the one, nature is coaxed into the service of art; in the other, art is but the slave of nature, seen only where her presence is a duty.

Let those who have not yet visited this section of the park on foot pay it an early visit. The most beautiful season of the year approaches—that when the woods put on their glorious October fashions, when every leaf and blade of grass is a miracle of color.

The great patrons of the Park, after all, are the hundreds of thousands who pour into it by the cars from the lower part of the City, east and west. The greater number of these are satisfied in wandering around the lakes and over the green sward of the Parade, besides, and know no more of the northern end of the Park than they do of Westchester County. But these of all others are those who would most enjoy the pleasures which that end affords. They are within their reach. How to enjoy them, but little, if any extra labor, is before the reader. Before he gets on board a car, or come up town in the car, say by Eighth-avenue, keep your seat until it reaches One Hundredth-street; enter the Park by the gate there, take the pathway going east, and in a few minutes you will realize the truth of all that has been claimed for the rural beauty of the place. The Third-avenue cars will be found ready to ride on to One Hundredth and Second-street, get off there, enter by the gate at that street and go west, passing south of the restaurant at St. Vincent's, or dropping in there if they "feels so disposed." Those by Second-avenue cars can get off at One Hundred and Fourth-street, cross by a pathbridge the railway bridge, and strike the gate at One Hundred and Second-street. Having spent a few enjoyable hours here, and realized to the full any anticipations the foregoing sketch may have awakened, the walk northward afterward will not be a fatiguing one, or when it becomes so, can at any time be terminated by stepping into the cars, either east or west, on the way down.

Funeral of Dr. Hawks.

At Saint Ann's, the late FRANCIS L. HAWKS, D. D., LL.D., took place from Calvary Church, in Fourth-avenue, at 2½ P. M. yesterday. The church was thronged with people, every seat in the large edifice being occupied, and large numbers being unable to find standing-room in the aisles and lobbies. Among the audience were a good portion of the clergy of the diocese, besides many laymen from abroad, who were in attendance upon the annual Diocesan Convention, just held in this City. Bishop POTTER, of New-York; Bishop QUINTARD, of Tennessee; Bishop TALBOTT, of Indiana, and Bishop LAY, of Arkansas, were among the prelates present. The rosewood case inclosing the body of the late divine occupied a position in front of the altar, and was tastefully adorned with flowers wrought in the form of crosses, an anchor and a crown. Baskets of camellias and japonicas, and flowers wrought in the form of stars, anchors, harps, &c., were also profusely disposed around the casket and upon the altar.

After an anthem by the choir, the opening sentences of the funeral service were read by Rev. WM. J. FROST, Rector of the Holy Communion, South Orange, N. J. A psalm was then sung by the choir, following which the Lesson was read by Rev. Dr. WASHBURNE, Rector of Calvary Church, in which Dr. HAWKS formerly officiated.

The 624 hymn was announced by Rev. Dr. TUTTLE, Rector of St. Luke's Church, and sung by the choir, the congregation joining.

Right Rev. Bishop POTTER then read the burial service in a most impressive manner, and was followed by Right Rev. Dr. QUINTARD, Bishop of Tennessee, who read the concluding prayers.

After notice by Rev. Mr. EWER, the remains were removed to the vestibule of the church, where the lid of the casket was removed and those who wished were permitted to take a last look at the deceased. Nearly the entire congregation availed themselves of the privilege, and as they moved in solemn procession down through the middle aisle of the church and past the coffin, the tokens were manifest and abundant of the deep love and affection in which Dr. HAWKS was held by his friends and parishioners. The body was arrayed in the clerical robes usually worn by the deceased, and looked exceedingly lifelike.

The following simple inscription, on a silver plate, ornamented the lid of the casket:

FRANCIS L. HAWKS,
Died Sept. 27, 1866,
Aged 68 years.

The following clergymen acted as pall-bearers: Rev. Dr. Brown, of Newburgh; Dr. A. H. Vinton, of St. Mark's Church, N. Y.; Dr. Chauncey, of St. James, N. Y.; Dr. Higbee, of Trinity, N. Y.; Dr. Morgan, of St. Thomas, N. Y.; Dr. Price, of St. Stephen's, N. Y.; Dr. Seabury, of the Church of the Annunciation, N. Y.; Dr. R. B. Vashbeck; Dr. Eigenbrodt, of the Theological Seminary; Rev. Mr. Yarrington, Rector, of Greenwich, Conn.; Rev. Mr. Eaton, of St. Clement's, N. Y.; Rev. Mr. Frost, of Staten Island.

The remains were removed to Greenwood Cemetery, and deposited in the family vault of Dr. HAWKS. It is the intention of the friends of the late Doctor at no distant day to erect a monument to his memory in the Cemetery.

LAW REPORTS.

Passenger's Luggage—A False Claim Rejected.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT—SOUTHERN DISTRICT.

Before Judge Betts.

John Repetto vs. the British bark Ionic.—This was a libel filed to recover damages for a passenger's luggage alleged to have been stolen.

The libel alleged that the libelant made an agreement at Laguna, in Yucatan, to be carried from that port to New-York, with his baggage, and paid the master $50 in gold for his passage; that he took with him on board a valise and a trunk which he put in charge of the master; that the bark arrived in this port on the 11th of June, 1865, when the libelant demanded his trunk, which the master failed to deliver, alleging that it had been stolen; that the value of the contents of the trunk was $3,014 50, which sum the libelant claimed to recover.

The libel was filed on June 23, 1866, and on that day the deposition of the libellant was taken by consent in the cause. He testified that he had in his trunk a gold watch worth $375, a gold chain worth $96, three likenesses in cases $16, various gold ornaments $480, and $60 in American silver, these articles amounting to $1,029, besides his clothing and $200 of towels and sheets which could not be claimed as his personal clothing.

It appeared by the evidence on the trial that the libellant was a Spaniard and spoke no English, and that the agreement was made by him with the master, who spoke no Spanish, through a fellow-passenger named Holmes, as interpreter. The vessel arrived at the quarantine on Saturday, and during that night the trunk and all its contents were stolen. On Monday the master of the vessel met the libelant and Holmes on board the bark, and had the inquiry put to the libelant what the contents of his trunk were, and whether it contained any money or articles of value. Holmes spoke to the libelant in Spanish, and the libelant shook his head and made an answer in Spanish which Holmes interpreted to be that he had nothing in his trunk but his clothing.

Held by the Court—That the bark was bound for the wearing apparel of the libelant carried with his person on the passage for which he paid—(2 Kent Com., 600—4 and notes; Story on Bail., § 569; 9 Ward, 84; The *Zenobia*, 1 Abbott Ad., 92; 11 Johns, 198.)

An unfair misrepresentation to the carrier of the contents or value of parcels intrusted to common carriers, with the purpose to conceal the value of packages carried, and thus to diminish the cost of carriage, will, upon common principles of justice, exempt the carrier from making compensation for the loss of such parcels.

That the admission and assertion of the libelant, through his friend Holmes, as interpreter, that his trunk contained only his clothes, is a positive contradiction of his testimony, demonstrating his intention to defraud the vessel out of the valuables that were not wearing apparel, and compels the Court to discredit his evidence *in toto*.

That his case, accordingly, stands unsupported by any competent proof.

It may be that the libelant had some property shipped with his baggage and would be fairly entitled to be recompensed by the vessel for its loss on board, had his testimony on the occasion been honest and reliable; but his declaration to Holmes in respect to the contents of his trunk stands in bold contradiction to his written oath in Court, and shows a deliberate determination to falsify that oath and cheat the vessel out of at least $1,029 by means of downright perjury. No Court of justice would give countenance to so flagrant a crime, and the Court must accordingly pronounce that the evidence upon which the suit is sought to be maintained is not entitled to any legal credit.

Libel dismissed with costs.

For libelant, Mr. Dykers; for respondent, Messrs. Beebe, Dean and Donohue.

MOTION TO OPEN DEFAULT.

Before Judge Smalley.

The United States vs. Sheridan Shook, James B. Taylor and Charles W. Baker.—This was a common law action, brought by the United States upon a bond for $3,000 given by Shook as principal, and the other defendants as sureties, conditioned for the payment to the United States of the value of certain Internal Revenue stamps issued to him, or the return of the stamps. A *capias* was issued in the cause, and served upon the defendants, who made default. Proceedings were taken to assess the damages, and an execution was issued to the Marshal, who levied upon the property of Baker. Application was thereupon made to the Court, on affidavit, to open the default, and the Court made an order for the United States to show cause why the default should not be set aside, and stayed the Marshal's proceedings under the execution in the meantime.

The Judge this morning decided the motion. He said it was probable on the affidavits that there was an error in the accounts between Shook and Baker in reference to the transaction, but that was not a matter which concerned the United States; that the amount due was stated in the *capias*, so that the defendants were not misled by that, and the damages were assessed accordingly on the failure of the defendants to appear, and no reason was shown why that default should be opened as against the United States. Motion denied, and stay set aside.

For the motion, Mr. Fine; in opposition, Mr. Phelps.

Ferris the Wife Murderer—Application for a Second Writ of Error in His Behalf—Argument of Counsel before the Court of Appeals—The Court Promptly Refuses the Writ—Condition of the Prisoner.

On Wednesday, the 26th inst., a notice was served upon A. Oakey Hall, District-Attorney, to appear before the Court of Appeals, at Albany, on Friday morning the 28th inst., and show cause why a second writ of error should not be granted in the case of Frank Ferris, now lying in the City Prison under sentence of death for the murder of his wife, Mary Ferris. It may be remembered that the prisoner was indicted, tried and convicted in the Court of General Sessions, on the 28th of February, 1865, and sentenced to be hung on the 14th of April following; that on the 3d of March, 1865, the case was removed by writ of error from the Court of General Sessions to the Supreme Court for revision; that the Supreme Court, on the 22d of December, 1865, affirmed the judgment of the Court of General Sessions; that the case was then taken on appeal from the Supreme Court to the Court of Appeals, where in May last the judgments of the Courts below were approved and the records remitted to the Supreme Court with instructions for that Court to resentence the prisoner. Accordingly he was brought before the General Term of the Supreme Court, and sentenced to be hanged on the 17th of August. He subsequently received from Gov. Fenton a respite until the 19th of October.

On the 26th inst. Mr. William F. Kintzing, Jr., of counsel for Ferris, made another application to the Court of Appeals for a second writ of error, on the ground that the record in the case had never been remitted to the Court of General Sessions, from which it was removed. On the same day Mr. Kintzing obtained an order from the Hon. J. K. Porter, one of the Justices of the Court of Appeals, to be served on the District-Attorney of New-York, to show cause on the 28th inst. why a second writ of error should not issue in behalf of Ferris, on the ground that the Supreme Court, General Term, had no power to fix a day for the execution. Upon the return on Friday, the 28th inst., Gunning S. Bedford, Jr., Esq., Assistant District-Attorney of New-York, appeared on the behalf of the People, and William F. Kintzing, Esq., appeared for Frank Ferris.

Mr. Kintzing contended that, First, the Supreme Court had no power to pronounce judgment of death. Second, nor had it the right to fix a day for his execution. It should have been by the Court of General Sessions, in which he was tried and convicted; and he referred the Court to the law of 1859 and other authorities in support of his views. His argument was forcible and able and was attentively listened to by the Court.

Mr. Gunning S. Bedford, Jr., then followed in behalf of the people in a learned and able argument, and presented the following reasons in opposition. First, the law of 1859 does not apply to the Supreme Court; Second, the 24th sec. 3 R. S. p. 1,035, taken together with the amendment passed in 1863, entirely justifies the course taken by the Supreme Court. Third, the case of Willis, 32 N. Y., Rep. was in point. Mr. Kintzing replied to Mr. Bedford's argument, and strenuously urged upon the Court the necessity of granting the writ.

Chief-Justice Davis then said: It was a creditable proceeding on the part of the prisoner's counsel to make the application, as well as very proper, but that the General Term of the Supreme Court had the power to fix a day for the execution of Ferris, although he was tried and convicted in the Court of General Sessions. The point was carefully considered in the case of the People *vs.* Willis, and the Court were unanimous in deciding that no error had been committed, and the application must be denied.

District-Attorney Morris, of Brooklyn, was in attendance during the argument.

Mr. Bedford had one or two other points of law to offer, if failure threatened him with those he put forth, but the pungency and clearness with which he stated his case on the points here reported were more sufficient for his purpose. Mr. Kintzing made a respectable opposition, but the law did not happen to be on his side.

When the result was made known to Ferris he again became downcast, for he still had a lingering hope that there was a chance for release from his dreary cell and his terrible fate. It is to be feared that he will never be well prepared for death, notwithstanding the very close attention paid to him by his spiritual advisers. He is still at times very morose, and if he was out of prison there can be little doubt that he would inflict some serious injury upon the sister of his wife, against whom he entertains the most bitter hatred. But his doom is sealed, and he will be duly executed on the 19th of October.

POLICE COURTS.

The Tombs—Before Justice Dowling.

BOARDING VESSELS—THREE BROTHERS ARRESTED.

JOHN, JAMES and GEORGE SWEENEY were arrested by the Harbor Police yesterday on a charge of violating the boat law. When the accused were arraigned before the Court, Capt. HARTT made an affidavit, in which he stated that the prisoners were boatmen, and had been found on board the schooner *Kingfisher*, holding communication with the crew, and that their small boat was fastened alongside. The SWEENEYS were neither agents or consignees of the vessel, and they were held for trial. The prisoners were held for trial.

Jefferson Market—Before Justice Ledwith.

LARCENY OF A WATCH.

WILLIAM LOCKWOOD was yesterday arraigned on the charge of stealing a silver watch valued at $20, from a basket which was being carried by JOHN WALLEN. The watch belonged to LUCY MILLER, of No. 115 Sullivan-street. The accused was committed in default of $500 bail to answer the charge.

STEALING CANARIES.

ELIZABETH CRASE *alias* Williams was arrested on Friday, charged with stealing ten canary birds, valued at $10, (the property of SHEPHARD KNAPP, Jr.,) from No. 206 West Fifty-first-street. One of the birds was found in her possession. She was committed for trial in default of $300 bail.

A JEALOUS WIFE.

MISS HATTIE MORELL, residing at No. 143 West Seventeenth-street, yesterday made affidavit before Justice LEDWITH, at Jefferson Market, that on Thursday evening Mrs. SARAH DAVIS called upon her at her house, and used the most abusive language toward her, going so far, even, as to threaten her life. It appears that MRS. DAVIS is jealous of her husband, because of the following letter which he received from HATTIE, unknown to her (MRS. DAVIS:)

FRIDAY MORNING.

DEAR FRIEND DAVIS—I am very ill and confined to the house, and have been for three weeks, and before I was taken, I was out of money, so there was nothing done in the store. The trouble I had has taken all the means I had. The only thing I have now is my machine, and I do not want to sell it. When I go to the store again I will be better situated. Knowing you to be kind-hearted and generous, and always being a brother to me, I know that you will not refuse the request I am going to ask. Will you be so kind as to lend me $10 or $12 until I get work? You know how it is; I am alone; and you also know what a boarding-house is. This gentleman and his wife have been very kind to me, and I can trust him with it. Hoping you will favor me, and not disappoint or refuse me, I still remain your true friend,

HATTIE MORELL.

P.S. Please send it by this gentleman, and also be kind enough not to speak about it to any other person, and for Heaven's sake, not to SARAH; for I would not have her know I sent to you for all the world. If I have asked too much, I hope you will forgive me. H.

According to Mrs. DAVIS' statements, she kept a boarding-house some time since, and Miss HATTIE was one of her boarders. That the young woman's conduct was exceedingly loose, and that she was compelled finally to take her out of the house; that she is in the habit of borrowing money from single and married gentlemen with whom she is criminally intimate. She says that she did not use any threats toward her, but simply took the letter to her for explanation, desiring her never to write to her husband any more. HATTIE denies these statements in toto, says she is respectable and earns her living honestly and decently, and only sent to Mr. DAVIS as an old friend, with whom she b came acquainted while boarding with his wife. The Judge held the defendant to bail in the sum of $500 to keep the peace. Mr. THOMAS HUGHES, of No. 161 West Fourteenth-street, became her bondsman.

A NEGRO IN BAD COMPANY.

ROBERT COLES, a gentleman of color, caused the arrest of another of his race, named TILLY ANDERSON, who, as he alleges, robbed him of $5 under the following circumstances: he was walking through Broome-street on Friday night, "just lookin' at de store windows," when TILLY stepped up to him, and in most endearing terms besought him to accompany her home. He yielded at length, "very much 'ginst hisself," and went with her. Having no small change with him, he gave her a $5 bill, which she said she would take out and get changed. She left him, but did not return. He before went to look for her, found her in the street, and had her arrested by Officer MULDOON, of the Eighth Precinct, who yesterday conveyed her to the Jefferson Market Court, where she was committed for trial in default of $300 bail.

A KELLY CASE.

A boy named JULIUS KELLY, became exceedingly "short" last week, and not knowing how else to meet the requirements of his expense account, he stole an ingrain carpet from his mother's bedroom, and sold the same to a second-hand dealer named RACHEL BAUER, at No. 329 Seventh-avenue, whereupon Mrs. KELLY caused his arrest. The magistrate committed him for trial, in default of $300 bail.

SNATCHING MONEY.

MARY CONLAN appeared before Justice LEDWITH yesterday and preferred a charge of theft against a man named HUGH MCGOWAN, who it is alleged, snatched a $5 United States Treasury Note from her husband's hand while he was talking with her in the street. The prisoner was committed for trial in default of $500 bail.

VIOLATING BOARD OF HEALTH ORDINANCES.

JAMES DURKER and MOSES WOLFF were arrested yesterday, charged with violating the forty-fifth section of the code of the Board of Health, by driving cattle through the streets in daytime. They were held to answer at the Special Sessions.

Essex Market—Before Justice Mansfield.

STEALING RAZORS.

JACOB FRENSTEIN, a barber, doing business at No. 322 Fifth-street, caused the arrest of JULIUS SCHMIDT, who, it is alleged, came into his place on Friday, under the pretence of wishing to get shaved, and while waiting his turn, managed to slip two razors, valued at $1 50, into his coat pocket. He was found by Officer SAUNDERS a little while afterward, endeavoring to dispose of the property. The magistrate committed him for trial.

A JEWELRY THIEF.

MR. PATRICK CURRAN, who resides at No. 213 Fulton-street, Brooklyn, went into the store No. 67 Nassau-street, yesterday morning, to make some purchases, and while there he laid a box containing six dozen sleeve-buttons and five dozen breastpins, valued at $22, upon the counter, and tu ned to look at some goods that were shown him, when JOHN COMBS entered the store, grabbed the box, and started to run away with it. He had not gone far before he was captured by an officer and locked up in the nearest Station-house, from which he was yesterday conveyed before Justice MANSFIELD, who committed him for trial.

PETTY LARCENY.

JOHN LYONS was arraigned on the charge of stealing 25 pounds of iron, valued at $12, from Pier No. 57 East River, on Friday evening. He was caught in the act by the dock-watchman, ALEXANDER MELDRUM, who caused his arrest. The Magistrate committed him for trial without bail.

THE BOAT LAW, AGAIN.

THOMAS DAILEY was arrested yesterday by Officer MCGUINEZ, charged with rowing a boat on the East River,—the same not having the word "Licensed" painted thereon. He was fined $10, and dismissed with a reprimand.

A TILL THIEF.

THEODORE SWEET, of No. 172 Fourth-street, brought one GEORGE WILLIAMS before Justice MANSFIELD, charging him with attempting to steal $6 from his money-drawer. The accused was committed for examination in default of $300 bail.

ALLEGED THEFT OF A WATCH.

A negro named JAKE FERRIS, a well-known liquor saloon keeper in West Houston-street, yesterday caused the arrest of a young colored barber named STEPHEN DOUGLAS, who, as he alleges, on the 31st of July last, stole a watch and chain, valued at $500, from him in his bar-room, while he (FERRIS) was in a condition of drunken stupor. The accused denies the charge, and says it was most probably done by a white man who was in the room shortly before the watch was missed, and left very suddenly. DOUGLAS was temporarily committed.

Yorkville Court.—Before Justice Connolly.

A DISHONEST BOARDER.

Mrs. ANNIE E. PRESCOTT is a widow lady, who keeps a boarding-house at No. 149 East Fifty-first street. She appeared before the Magistrate yesterday, and made oath that a woman named MARY E. GATEWOOD, who has been boarding with her for some time, commenced on Friday to remove her things from the house, saying that she was dissatisfied, and intended to leave. Mrs. PRESCOTT having missed very many little articles from the house, began to suspect that her boarder, who was about to leave, was in some way connected with their disappearance. She therefore called an officer, who upon searching her trunk, found two muslin sheets, one pair of shoes, three linen towels, a calico skirt, and some other articles, too numerous to mention, all the property of the complainant. MARY was accordingly arrested and committed for trial without bail.

VIOLATION OF CORPORATION ORDINANCE.

THOMAS MCKEON was arrested on the charge of driving cattle through Madison-avenue, in the daytime. He plead ignorance of the law, and was released with a severe reprimand, which will doubtless serve in the future to guide the drover aright.

A Card.

To the Editor of the New-York Times:

A late issue of your paper contained an article concerning a charge recently made in one of the Criminal Courts by JOHN SCHLESSENGER against JOHN S. GOLDSMITH, which, whether stating the complaint truly or otherwise, was grossly incorrect in point of fact and calculated to do injustice to Mr. GOLDSMITH. You will favor the injured and weaker party by giving this card equal prominence in your columns with the article referred to. The charge made by Mr. SCHLESSENGER is groundless, and was doubtless made by him under a misrepresentation as to facts growing out of representations made, not by JOHN GOLDSMITH, but by some member of one or other of the two or three Houses of GOLDSMITH BROTHERS, in Philadelphia, who are interested in preventing the success of the firm of GOLDSMITH BROS., of which the prisoner is a member. The public, and especially such of your readers as have known Mr. GOLDSMITH in business relations or otherwise, are requested to suspend judgment in the premises until the truth shall be made apparent by the evidence.

H. E. FARNSWORTH.

NEW-YORK, Sept. 29, 1866.

Business in the Surrogate's Office—Wills Admitted.

SURROGATE'S COURT.

Before Surrogate Tucker.

The wills of the following deceased persons have been admitted during the past week:

William A. Cox, Francis R. Trudeau, John M. Clauwars, Louisa Keller, Mary A. Hearn, Henry Alderton, Ann Begeon Bradford, Philip J. Messerschmidt, Christian Van Ness, Franklin Wilson, Catharine Stahl, Robert Stewart, Caroline B. Albertson.

By the will of the late Augustus Whitlock, the following legacies are given for charitable purposes: The American Bible Society City of New-York, $1,000; Treasurer of American Sunday-school located in Philadelphia, $1,000; Treasurer of the Board of Foreign Missions, New-York, $1,000.

LETTERS OF ADMINISTRATION GRANTED.

Mary Bender, Julia Tuohy, Christian Block, Arthur A. Doyle, Sarah Coyne, Malchi Fallon, Laurence W. O'Connor, Michael J. O'Donnell, Stephen Roberts, John S. Schwartz, Mary A. MacDonald, Tate Packenham, John C. Fisher, Leonard F. Davis, Elizabeth Kaiser, Maurice A. Bogart, Gustave Schaefer, Sarah Bridges, Thomas Jones, Albert Ackerman, Mary E. Russell, Louis Zanders, Martin Ford, Frederick L. Boissard, Richard T. Bristol, Bridget Leonard, Michael O'Donnell, Frans Kienli.

LETTERS OF GUARDIANSHIP

Have been granted on the estates of the following minors:

To Michael Mans, guardian of Caroline Degen.
To Michael Mans, guardian of Philip Degen.
To James Dalton, guardian of Thomas Gibney.
To James Dalton, guardian of William Gibney.
To James Dalton, guardian of Margaret J. Gibney.
To James Dalton, guardian of Bernard G. Gibney.
To George Palen, guardian of Mary Palen.
To George Palen, guardian of Kate Palen.
To George Palen, guardian of George Palen, Jr.
To Philip Schwartz, guardian of Peter Schwartz.
To John Weber, guardian of Anna Batz.
To John Weber, guardian of Christina Batz.
To John Weber, guardian of Barbara Batz.
To John Weber, guardian of Mary Batz.
To John Weber, guardian of Mary Batz.
To Thomas Callaway, guardian of John Doyle.
To Cornelius Driscoll, guardian of Catharine Driscoll.
To Maria H. Brush, guardian of Annie F. Brush.
To Maria H. Brush, guardian of Walter F. Brush.
To Julia A. Chase, guardian of Caribel Chase.
To Erastus E. Marcy, guardian of Alexis M. Leon.
To Erastus E. Marcy, guardian of Geraldine M. Leon.
To Peter Miller, guardian of Mary C. Slavin.
To Ellen Wilson, guardian of Annie Watson.
To Ellen Wilson, guardian of John Watson.
To Ellen Wilson, guardian of Elias E. Watson.
To Ellen Wilson, guardian of Matilda Watson.

CRIMINAL RECORD.

The September Term of the Court of General Sessions—Cases Disposed of—Sentences—Influx of Criminals—Juvenile Offenders—More Work for the Grand Jury.

The September term of the Court of General Sessions was a busy one. Coming, as it did, immediately after the season known, as the "Summer Recess," a large number of bail cases had to be disposed of which had been pending for several terms, as during the hot weather the business of the Court was confined to an effort to relieve the cells of the City Prison of their occupants. Judge RUSSELL and Assistant District-Attorney Bedford pushed the business with praiseworthy assiduity, and succeeded in disposing of one hundred and twenty-nine cases. Several murder cases were to have been tried, but on motion of counsel they were laid over. The total number of cases which were on the calendar and not brought to trial was thirty-two. Those will, of course, add to the weight of the calendar for the October term, which begins to-morrow, although arrangements will probably be made to transfer the trial of some of them to the Over and Terminer, which also commences to-morrow. The manner in which the cases of the September term were disposed of is set forth in the following

LIST OF PRISONERS, THEIR SENTENCES, &C.

Wm. Thompson, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

Joseph Lewis, burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Harry H. Quinn, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Wm. Murphy, attempt at burglary, third degree; House of Refuge.

Wm. Brooks, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Henry Dieckmeir, assault with dangerous weapon; suspended.

Frederick Peters, grand larceny; not guilty.

Michael Donohue, petit larceny; House of Refuge.

George Cox, burglary, third degree; State Prison 5 years.

Wm. Palmer, assault with dangerous weapons; State Prison 2 years.

John Dermody, assault with dangerous weapon; suspended.

Marquis Bulwer, petit larceny from person; State Prison 4 years.

George Dunham, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Wm. Sweeney, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

John Fowler, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

Wm. Blackwood, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

John Day, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Albert Crosby, attempt at burglary, third degree; House of Refuge.

David Marks, attempt at burglary, third degree; House of Refuge.

Anthony Jacobs, grand larceny; suspended.

Thomas Burke, grand larceny from person; State Prison 4 years.

Bridget Northagh, attempt at grand larceny from person; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Maggie Peterson, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

Julius Richard Schell, forgery, fourth degree; State Prison 2 years.

Charles Dawson, attempt at burglary, third degree; suspended.

Henry Michel, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Owen Darmody, assault with intent to do bodily harm; suspended.

Dennis Kelly, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Wm. Healy, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

August Waller, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Henry Richardson, assault and battery; Penitentiary 6 months and $100 fine.

Thomas Baldwin, attempt at burglary, third degree; Penitentiary 1 year.

Alien Kleckner, attempt at grand larceny; Penitentiary 1 year.

Wm. Russell, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Charles Wade, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

George Henry, petit larceny from person; suspended.

Frank Penny, attempt at grand larceny; Penitentiary 1 year.

Otto Rice, assault and battery; fine $25.

Frederick Diestelhorse, assault and battery; suspended.

John Stockings, petit larceny; Penitentiary 6 months.

James Watson, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years 6 months.

John Smith, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Louis Kurtz, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Henry Frost, petit larceny from person; Penitentiary 6 months.

James Tagg, grand larceny; not guilty.

George Peblar, grand larceny; not guilty.

Charles R. Rose, grand larceny; suspended.

Francis Larkin, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

Robert Hughes, grand larceny; State Prison 3 years.

Charles Eger, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

James O'Connell, grand larceny; not guilty.

Denis Hart, petit larceny; House of Refuge.

Henry M. Sadler, attempt at grand larceny; Penitentiary 1 year.

Anne Garland, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Charles King, petit larceny from person; State Prison 2 years.

Raymond Carr, petit larceny from person; State Prison 2 years.

Marvin D. Marville, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Wm. Mangels, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Eliza Aiken, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Celia Kelly, grand larceny; State Prison 3 years.

Louisa Maxwell, grand larceny; State Prison 3 years.

Herman Muller, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

Wm. Burnhardt, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

Patrick Smith, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Mary Sheridan, attempt at grand larceny; not guilty.

Catharine Healey, attempt at grand larceny; not guilty.

Andrew Ryan, attempt at grand larceny; not guilty.

Louis Cohen, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Frank Mason, assault with dangerous weapon; State Prison 3 years.

John Fitzsimmons, petit larceny from the person; State Prison 5 years.

Thomas Whalen, attempt at burglary, third degree; Penitentiary 1 year.

Katey Smith, grand larceny; House of Refuge.

Charles Donley, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

John Dougherty, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Thomas Roggins, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

John Gillen, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

John Dougherty, grand larceny; not guilty.

Mary Sandford, grand larceny from person; not guilty.

John Williams, petit larceny from person; State Prison 4 years.

Mary Anne Thompson, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

Henry Watson, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Philip Greene, assault and battery; Penitentiary 6 months and $100 fine.

Terrence Keenan, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Wm. Brown, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Bruno Efiray, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Matthew Smith, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

James Holmes, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Frank Coalton, attempt at burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

George Davis, petit larceny from person; Penitentiary 6 months.

George Deegan, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Herman Roland, grand larceny; not guilty.

Antoine Williams, burglary, third degree; State Prison 5 years.

James Hogan, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years and 6 months.

Wm. Russell, grand larceny; State Prison 4 years.

James A. Conrad, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

James T. Sheridan, burglary, third degree; not guilty.

Emil Gerolini, robbery, first degree, State Prison 20 years.

Prospero Maggotte, robbery, first degree; State Prison 10 years.

Thomas Wilson, grand larceny; State Prison 1 year.

Wm. Thompson, grand larceny; House of Refuge.

John Thompson, attempt at grand larceny; House of Refuge.

Eliza Johnson, assault and battery; Penitentiary 1 year.

John Davis, attempt at grand larceny; House of Refuge.

Frederick Specht, attempt at burglary, third degree; suspended.

Edward Berrigan, burglary, third degree; State Prison 2 years.

John Seward, burglary, third degree; House of Refuge.

John Howard, burglary, third degree; House of Refuge.

John Gray, burglary, third degree; State Prison 5 years.

Michael Martin, attempt at grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

Franz Carsten, attempt at grand larceny; suspended.

Antonio Martinez, burglary, first degree; not guilty.

John O'Keefe, robbery, first degree; not guilty.

Louis Levy, assault and battery, with intent to kill; not guilty.

August Homan, grand larceny; not guilty.

Joseph Johnson, attempt at grand larceny; House of Refuge.

Frederick Duquette, grand larceny; State Prison 4 years and 6 months.

Charles Grandy, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

Mary Marks, attempt at grand larceny; Penitentiary 1 year.

John Masturetz, grand larceny; State Prison 5 years.

James A. Moran, burglary, third degree; State Prison 4 years and 6 months.

Edward Prior, grand larceny; State Prison 2 years.

Thomas Hyman, assault and battery; Penitentiary 1 year.

Benjamin Davis,